

GREAT PRIZE FIGHT IN COLON

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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE LANNON DEFEATS GLYNN THE LE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1888.

VOLUME LIII.—No. 577.
Price Ten Cents.



SWEPT OVER FLAT ROCK DAM.
DROWNING OF FRANK CARFREY AND MINNIE TAFFLY ON THE SCHUYLKILL NEAR PHILADELPHIA.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1888.

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" IN ENGLAND.

Smith, Ainslie & Co., Booksellers, &c., 25 Newmarket street, Strand, London, have been appointed agents for the sale of the POLICE GAZETTE in Great Britain; Newsdealers, booksellers, and others who desire to handle the POLICE GAZETTE and our illustrated books are requested to communicate with them at once.

RICHARD K. FOX.

THE BUFFALO EXHIBITION OF FEMALE PUGILISM.

An event took place at Buffalo, N. Y., during the past week that it is to be hoped, to the credit of the sporting fraternity, may never occur again. It was a prize fight between two women, Hattie Leslie, of that city, and Alice Lary, of Bradford. We have no doubt that those who assembled to witness this disgraceful and disgraceful sport are not conserved by encouraging ring combats between women. Nothing is gained by combats of this character, which savor very much of barbarism, and we do not believe that the better class of Buffalo sporting men had any hand in this disgusting exhibition. Every athlete, pugilist or lover of true sport has generally an inherent sense of manliness, which gives him a natural respect for the fair sex, but when he allows himself to witness prize ring encounters between women, his delicate regard for the sex becomes corrupt, and he loses one of the qualities, essential to true manliness, which all genuine sport is calculated to foster.

The city of Buffalo has a large number of sporting men, who are noted for their enterprise and high sense of honor. Not a few of them are nature's noblemen in the broadest interpretation of that term. We have no fear, therefore, that our frankness in criticising a pugilistic event which happened in their midst will give offence to these gentlemen, who do not need to be told that the GAZETTE's motive in condemning female pugilism is actuated only by an unselfish desire to serve the best interests of the sporting fraternity, whose faithful servant it will ever be.

NEVER SAY DIE, JOHN.

John L. Sullivan, we regret to say, is in a bad way, having been knocked out, in sporting phraseology, by a rebellious stomach. John has been treating this organ so shamefully for some time that it is no wonder that it made such a tremendous kick. We did not, however, anticipate on first learning of the Boston Boy's illness that it would prove at all serious, and destroy the prospects of a match between him and Kilrain. We are loath to think so yet, and hope the big fellow will be on his feet again in a short time, ready and eager to arrange for the important match.

Henry F. Harding, the sneak thief whose unparalleled gall led him to rob two banks in one day, certainly displayed a talent for adeptness worthy of a better cause. His remarkable boldness in attempting to carry out such extraordinarily hazardous schemes as that of robbing paying tellers' and cashiers' desks in broad day during the busiest hours, would hardly have failed to make him a general in the great army of financiers, had it been devoted to some honorable, yet risky schemes of money getting—Wall street speculation for instance. He would have made his mark, no doubt, as a daring manipulator of stocks, had he applied himself in that direction with the same assiduity and venturesome spirit as he displayed in robbing banks.

Five persons were drowned in the Hudson, near Hastings, a few days ago, in consequence of a leaky pleasure craft. There have been numerous instances recently in which foolhardy people have lost their lives by venturing out on the waters in boats little better than death traps. Many impulsive young men and women have too recklessly a regard for life when making such ventures. A little precaution, probably, in this case would have averted the terrible fate which the victims suffered through their own carelessness and want of oversight.

A YOUNG LADY'S TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]
Miss Annie Kessler, daughter of George Kessler, a farmer residing near Fort Wayne, Ind., while crossing a field on Friday was attacked by a vicious ox, and before help could reach her was horribly gored. She is still alive, but cannot possibly recover.

MASKS AND FACES

Our Vaudeville Favorites--
Critics and Comedians.

"THE PAYMASTER."

Souvenirs of Niblo's--Tittle
Tattle of the Theatres.

"Bah, he don't know how to draw a sword at all!" exclaimed Fakir to Broke, as they came out from one of Frederick Ward's performances last week. "You ought to have seen me—I think it was in 1855—you ought to have seen me draw a sword! I tell you—"

"Come, come now, old man," interrupted the merciless Broke. "Come, come, you drew a sword only once in the whole course of your life!"

"When was that?" Fakir flashed back with indignation.

"Don't you remember? That's funny. Why when you drew one in a raffle at a fair, old man; when you drew one in a raffle!"

Joking aside, let's look at the news.

We hear that "The Towaway" is a go.

Fanny Gillette kindly consents not to play "Theodora," and Sarah Bernhardt, in consequence, feels better.

Li He Grubb, they say, has lost her voice.

Young Mayo lost his heart, and Frances Graham is supposed to have it.

Lester Wallace was worth \$150,000 when he died.

Alice Harrison and Rachael Booth are looking for engagements.

George Parker wrote an article on the short skirts of soubrettes in the *World of Sunday*, and, in literary style, she certainly beat the essays of Fanny Rice, Kate Castleton, Flora Walsh, who tried to write on the same subject in the same paper.

Madeline Lucette is busy writing plays at her New Rochelle home.

De Wolf Hopper and Digby Bell appeared at the yellow fever benefit at Dockstader's, the other day, their fair faces begrimed with burnt cork.

The bright and caustic open letter of Alan Dale to De Wolf Hopper, in the *Evening World*, last week, brought out a reply from the comedian.

The writer's thrust had evidently told.

Most actors like lots of taffy from the critic, but kick up an awful row when they are told a few unvarnished truths.

A little honest, open, signed criticism would do a world of good in theatrical circles just now.

I met James Jay Brady in the marble paved lobby of Niblo's the other afternoon.

The able and energetic business manager had evidently just delved in the archives of that popular play house, for he gave me quite a lot of historical information.

"William Niblo," said he, stroking his mustache, "first kept a popular hotel and restaurant, known as the Bank Coffee House. In that house, 43 Pine street, the wits and epicures of 1820 used to gather."

"From the Bank Coffee House Niblo removed to the site now occupied by the Metropolitan Hotel and Niblo's Garden. It was then a part of the Van Rensselaer estate, known as the Bayard Farm. The ground had been occupied as a circus arena, and on the Crosby street side was a large, low building, known as the Stadium. This was rejuvenated, arranged with ample corridors, and the auditorium was conveniently fitted up with a stage and accessories for concerts and light entertainments. Two large and commodious dwellings appeared, fronting on Broadway, one of which was occupied by Mr. Niblo, and the other by Cooper, the novelist. Opposite these houses, on the west side of Broadway, at the corner of Prince street, was the residence of John Jacob Astor. In the rear of the Niblo and Cooper residences, between them and Crosby street, and extending down to Prince street, was a large open space, which was beautifully laid out as a garden. It was ornamented with trees, shrubbery and flowers, and the whole space was conveniently intersected by walks and dotted with arbors, in which were seats and tables for serving light refreshments. The building was known as 'Niblo's Saloon,' and the open space as Niblo's Garden, and they at once became favorite places of resort."

"On Monday, May 18, 1829, the 'Saloon' was formally opened as a place of amusement by a grand concert called the 'New York Musical Festival.' It was under the general direction of the favorite singer, Charles E. Horn. I won't go into any more details. I bore you, I know."

"Mr. Niblo died August 21, 1873, when he was eighty-eight years old."

"During the last years of his life, a table with a bell upon it was always placed at his bedside, so that he



might be able to summon assistance in case of need.

One night, having left his bed and gone a few steps away, he suddenly fell powerless and speechless, and was for some time unable to call for aid. At length he managed to crawl to the table, and seizing the cover, pulled it off, carrying the bell along with it. The sound quickly brought his faithful attendant. As she entered he called out indistinctly, but with his accustomed vein of drollery: "Ah, Mary—floored at last!"

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COMPLIMENTS THE GAZETTE.

WARSAW, Va., Sept. 13, '88.
Your paper affords me great entertainment, especially the articles commending the valorous knight of the ring, Jake Kilrain. Long may he live to wield knock-out blows to all those who dispute his clearly established title to the championship.

S. N. SHELTON.



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BASEBALL GOSSIP.

The Boys Who Have Won
Distinction on the Dia-
mond Field.

Paul R. Radford.

Radford hails from Boston, and his first professional engagement was with the League team of his native city in 1883. He was engaged as one of the pitchers, having attained quite a reputation in that position with an amateur club of Hyde Park, Mass., during the preceding three seasons. However, as Whitney and Huntington did such excellent work in the box that year, Radford was assigned to duty in the outfield. He guarded right field in sixty championship games, and made a great record for himself. His base running was one of the chief features of his work, and attracted considerable attention wherever the Bostonians went. When Radford was engaged by the Metropolitan club in the spring of 1887, he made a great hit with the New York public by having it distinctly stated in his contract that he was not to be called upon to take part in any game played on Sunday. The same thing was observed when he joined the Brooklyn club this season, and that is the reason why he never took part in any game at Ridgewood Park.



Barkley, of the Kansas City club, is so badly stuck on himself that he has got all of the other cowboys jealous. He thinks there is no one living like Barkley.

The bleaching board mob may get on to Tom Burns all they know how about his big mouth, but they must not lose sight of the fact that he is playing ball all the time and for all it is worth.

Anson was a great warrior in the land of big feet while his braves were the terror of the land, but now, a nice other war-like tribes have shown fight, principally the "Manhattans,"

the great chief is dubbed a squaw. Buck Ewing's lip stuck out a little too far in the first New York-Chicago game, and Umpire Powers became entangled in it so badly that he fined Buck \$25.

A spectator went on the field while the Bostonians were practicing in Chicago before the game. The work of the men looked so simple that he undertook to show the players as well as the spectators how easy he could eat the ball, so he jumped on second when Hornung hit a fly out to Johnston and yelled, "Let her come." It came, but he did not open his mouth quite wide enough, and the ball accidentally carried away four of his teeth and a part of his upper jaw.

President Nimick wanted the League championship, so he traveled all the way to the Pacific Coast in search of a phenomenal. He got one—Knell—but the boys got at and batted him to—Poor Nimick was heart-broken. He was out of pocket several thousand dollars and his phenomenal was busted. "Oh, Knell, Knell, go to—California," he cried, as he gave him the toe of his boot and started him on his Westward journey.

Now since Ganzel has got the "Charley horse" so bad that he can hardly walk, the Detroiters have no further use for him. That is the way. They take their players South in the early spring and fill them with rheumatism and then shelve them as soon as it is fully developed. It may be business like, but it is a long way off from being honorable.

President Byrne has offered each one of his players \$500 if the Brooklyn club wins the pennant. It is thought this inducement will make them play better ball. Possibly it will; but while he was making a bluff he might just as well have made a good one and added another cypher and made it \$5,000, as there is not the slightest prospect of their winning the pennant, and, you see, it would have been a grand advertisement for the liberality of the club management. A good trick should never be lost, and we are surprised at Mr. Byrne.

Ramsey came near falling into a fit when Von der Ahe selected Chamberlain, as he had been laboring under the impression that he was the only man in America that knew how to pitch.

The International Association race is so highly interesting that the Syracuse and Toronto papers have come to the rescue of their clubs and will finish the contest on paper.

Porter, though one of the most disagreeable, conceited little cranks in the baseball business, has been doing some pretty good work this season.

Harry Wright thinks that a man who cannot make a sacrifice hit and professes to be a ball player should quit the business, or in other words, he is dead sore on record players and does not want any of them under his management.

The chief aim of the average ball player, when his days are numbered on the diamond field, is to become the proprietor of a gun mill. They know how freely they and their friends spent their money, and they look to reap a rich harvest in the same line when they become useless on the turf. Little do they dream that in order even to become liquor dealers they have got to have level business nits on their shoulders. Having the means and the business ability are two different things. Therefore there are few players who embark in this enterprise who make a successful venture. The previous failure of the masses do not seem to effect the new adventurers, and they go ahead just the same. Those who do not lay by their earnings drift the same way, but generally as bartenders, unless some shrewd business man takes them in and uses their names for advertising purposes.

Watkins will doubtless be a grand improvement over Barkley in handling the Cowboys, as Barkley had such an overbearing, disagreeable way about him that the entire team soured on him, and the bitterest kind of a feeling existed during his managerial period.

Experience, after all, is the greatest teacher on earth. The Pittsburgh club could not take the advice of the New York club management and make a poor mouth about their large expenses and small profits, but they went boasting about the large amount of money they were making until they discovered their blooming mistake. The players demanded princely salaries and the proprietors of their grounds ran the rent up on them from a few hundred to \$5,000 a year. They have taken a grand tumble now, and have decided in the future to withhold all information of the club's financial condition.

Jack Smith, of the Pioneers, was very tired, and he thought he could do his coaching just as well from the players' bench, but it just cost him \$5 to find out that he could not.

It is beginning to be pretty generally believed that the Detroit club will drop out of the League at the end of the present season, and the Cincinnati and Cleveland people are making love to the vacancy. No matter which club gets it, either city, it is thought, would be preferable to Detroit.

Chicago's seven pitchers this season were unable to twirl out the championship, but they did succeed in



demonstrating the fact that one or two good pitchers were worth more than a half dozen poor ones.

The Cincinnati have very successfully tried the experiment on several occasions of playing with a ball specially made livelier when they were confronting weak batting teams. Their last victims were the "Cowboys," whom they defeated 11 to 0. It is pretty near time for them to take a drop on this funny business. The regulation ball should be good enough for all hands.

Terry pitched game after game for the Brooklyn club without a murmur until he got a lame arm, and then he was laid off without pay. Is it any wonder ball players shirk their work and do not do any more than they are actually compelled to? There is no inducement held out for them to put forth their best efforts regardless of injury, therefore to preserve themselves and avoid a lay off they become careless and indifferent.

Pete Browning has been feeding on blue grass for so long that no other pasture seems to agree with his constitution. He has tried rye, corn juice and sour mash, but each time he has departed from the old blue grass he has had to visit the Hot Springs and undergo a thorough boiling out.

Nagle, who once caught for the Metropolitan club of this city, sorry to say, so far forgot his manhood in a game at Milwaukee between the Milwaukee and Omaha clubs that he slapped Umpire Joe Queset's face in the presence of the entire assemblage. Of course he was very heavily fined for his cowardly conduct, but the chances are he would never have done it if Queset had been even half his size.

The gigantic cavity between the nose and chin of one of the directors of the Manchester club upset the sale of Carney to the Philadelphia club for \$1,300.

The Bostonians have the gall to imagine they can take the pennant away from the New Yorks next year, provided they win it this year.

The Boston people are satisfied that Quinn is not afraid to open his mouth, but all they are alarmed at is for fear he should swallow one of the other players.

Landman, of the Jersey Citys, is a pretty good landmark, as they all know him when they stack up against him.

It is pretty generally believed that the once great and only Radbourne has lost his grip, and that it is only a matter of time until he will be putting forth his utmost exertions to hold his end up in one of the minor leagues.

It is dirty work for the Cincinnati papers to accuse Corkhill of not putting forth his best efforts for his club, because he hails from Philadelphia. He has been faithful to the Cincinnati club for too many years for such a stigma to be cast upon his character at this late

ONLY 25 CENTS FOR THE PAIR.

Don't fail to send for the Elegant Colored Portraits of Cleveland and Thurman or Harrison and Morton. Only 25 cents for the pair.

day. Come, boys, be honorable, no matter how painful. We won't ask you to be honest, for that would be depriving you of a livelihood.

Newark's crack second baseman, who is suffering from blood poisoning, will be unable to play again this season, and it is feared now that he will be confined in a hospital all winter.—*Sporting Life*. We have heard of this blood poisoning before, as it is very prevalent among a certain class of ball players. There is nothing like settling down and leading a quiet life, as it is generally the reckless players that get spiked.

It seems like overstepping all bounds of propriety for the Toronto club to fine Kearns \$100 for miffing a fly ball, even if it did result in the Rochesterers winning the game. This is carrying the power of fining to extremes, and as a fly ball is something that is liable to be miffed at any minute, the money will have to be refunded if it is carried into court. The simpler the catch the more apt a player is to miff it.

Downey got leave to go down in double quick order, as his work did not warrant his remaining on the Albany pay roll. A man has to play ball for all it is worth nowadays if he wants to earn a livelihood on the diamond field.

There was a time that President Byrne was violently opposed to boisterous coaching, and said he would not take Latham as a gift, as the public would not tolerate such disgraceful yelling. Since then, however, he has adapted himself most admirably to the times, and now the Brooklyn club is one of the very noisiest in the base-ball arena.

The London club have kindly given Pitcher Fitzgerald his release, but, strange as it may seem, the latter is not grateful enough to show his appreciation.

Williams signed a contract with Lima, and made a

slight mistake by doing so, as he imagined the town was thrown in with the advance money, but he discovered his mistake while reflecting in the cooler, and realized it more fully when the judge borrowed the remainder of his bundle from him in the morning. He now knows the difference between a ball player and a monarch.

It is claimed that there have been an awful lot of skippers in the minor leagues. Now, we can't quite catch on, as we don't exactly know whether they mean maggots or bounty-jumpers.



TOSSED BY THE RAPIDS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Charles A. Percy made a successful voyage through the Whirlpool Rapids, at Niagara Falls, on the afternoon of Sept. 18. The experiment nearly cost him his life. After a terrible tossing, which lasted four minutes, the boat was tossed into the big maelstrom. The boat grazed rock after rock and was capsize repeatedly. It had gone but a little distance when the manhole cover was dashed to pieces by a rock, and the air chamber filled with water. Percy crawled out and clung to the craft for dear life. When near the Devil's Hole he became partly exhausted and could no longer stand the strain as the waves threw the boat about. Then he swam three miles further down stream, where Fisherman John Gillett picked him up more dead than alive. He was rowed rapidly to Wagoner's Hotel at Lewiston and with great difficulty revived.

A TERRIBLE DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The town of Jefferson, Ill., was the scene of a terrible domestic tragedy, a few days ago, in which Henry Thieme shot and killed himself, after wounding his divorced wife and attempting the life of his stepdaughter. Thieme was a carpenter, forty-five years old. Not much is known of his past career except that he was an anarchist. His irregular habits did not permit of his retaining a position at his trade, and he went about from one employer to another, always being discharged for drunkenness. Great excitement has been caused in the town in consequence of the madman's act.

A TERRIBLY FEROCIOUS BRUTE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A most horrible and bloodthirsty encounter between an infuriated bulldog and three men occurred on Sunday morning in front of the saloon No. 1075 First avenue, New York city. Had it not been for the timely arrival of Officer Buckley, of the Twenty-third precinct, who bored the beast full of holes, one or both of the men would have been killed. As it is, all three of the men were badly bitten about the arms, legs and body, while the clothes they wore were literally torn to shreds.

BEATEN BY A HORSE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A novel race took place on Thursday between a horse and bicycle from Silver City, N. M., to Deming, fifty miles. The course was over a rough mountain road and long stretches of sand. The wager was \$20 and fifty head of cattle a side, the cattle valued at \$10 a head. Kennedy, a professional bicyclist from Denver, who holds the all-round championship of the State of Colorado, rode the bicycle. The course was decidedly in favor of the horse, which was declared the winner.

BORNE ALOFT HEAD DOWNWARD.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

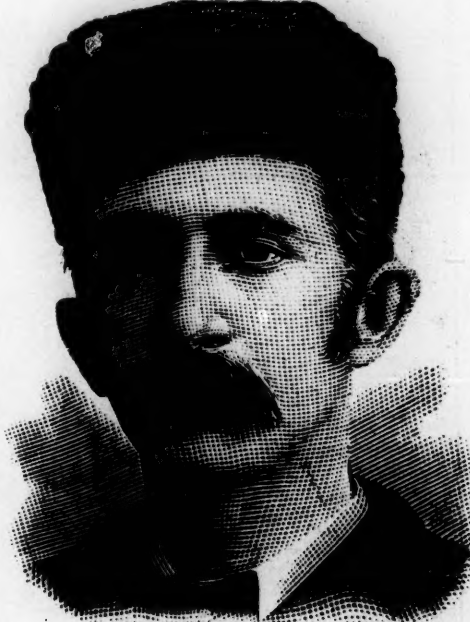
An old man was watching a balloon ascension near Three Rivers, Mich., on Wednesday afternoon, when he became entangled in the ropes of the air ship and he was borne aloft head downward. The aeronaut, who was performing on a trapeze above the old man, succeeded at last in drawing him up on the bar, and, seated together, the two made a safe descent, after rising to an altitude of 1,000 feet.

THE LADDER BROKE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The breaking of a ladder, which was being used by two painters, Andrew Luehn and W. G. Josenhaus, at Pittsburgh, Pa., in painting Engine House No. 4, on Fifth avenue, that city, precipitated the two men to the ground, a distance of thirty feet. Luehn's injuries proved fatal and it is probable Josenhaus will die.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Men and Women Who
Find Pictorial Fame in
These Columns.

C. C. Loomis.

C. C. Loomis, Sheriff of Des Moines, Ia., and a strong anti-Prohibitionist, heads our column this week. He was elected last fall by a majority of 800 over the Prohibition candidate. Mr. Loomis ran on the Democratic and Independent Republican ticket, and although a strong Democrat, was loyally supported by the best class of Republicans and business men of the city. Since his advent into office he has won a debt of gratitude from the public by his vigorous prosecution of the gang of constabulary sharks headed by Piers and Potts. Sheriff Loomis is of the law and order class, and believes in executing the law with decency, and not through the instrumentality of constabulary scoundrels.

Nicholas Maysicci.

An Italian, shot and killed John King, a laborer, in a saloon at Corning, N. Y., on Sept. 18. The murderer immediately fled from the scene of his crime to Pittston, Pa., where he was apprehended on Sept. 17 by Councilman Edward J. Burke and ex-Chief of Police Edward Barrett.

Bertha Ricci.

Whose fine form and piquant face are reproduced by us this week, was born in St. Louis, Mo. She studied music abroad while a girl, and made her first appearance in grand opera. Her most striking successes have been in "Little Duke" and "Falka," but her work in "Marquis" and "Madelon" will be readily remembered. Miss Ricci is to be a leading member of one of Mr. Aronson's companies this winter, and will interpret a part in the new operette of Gilbert and Sullivan.

Albert Emanuel.

About six months ago a man calling himself Albert Emanuel appeared in St. Louis, Mo., and secured a position as bookkeeper with a well-known firm named the A. B. Mayer Manufacturing Co. Some four months afterward he courted a young lady, and the result was a marriage engagement. The young lady subsequently learned that her lover had a wife in New York City, and so informed him. He coolly denied the soft impeachment, of course, but afterward quietly borrowed all the cash he could and skipped. It is said that he has been playing the same game in other cities and towns.

THE GUN WENT OFF.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Andrew J. Clark, aged seventeen, was standing at the window of his father's house, Washington, D. C., on Sunday, when a rifle which he held was discharged. Andrew, a nine-year-old boy, standing in the street, was struck by the bullet and killed. Clark was arrested. He says he did not know it was loaded.

A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Paterson, N. J., had a sensation on Sunday. It occurred in the Sunday school of the Cross Street Methodist Church, and was caused by Detective McInerney entering the Sunday school and arresting John T. Williamson, the leader of a Bible class, on a charge of burglary. The offense was committed on March 17 last, it is alleged.

The international cricket match, which began on Sept. 20 at Philadelphia between the picked Philadelphia team and the visiting Irish gentlemen, ended on Sept. 22 in a victory for the Philadelphians, who scored 280 runs, against 273 made by the visitors. When stumps were drawn last evening the Quaker City men had completed their two innings, with tallies of 113 in the first and 167 in the second inning, a total of 280. The visitors had one inning finished with 127 runs, and at noon to-day opened their second inning with 127 runs, to make to win the game. Every encouragement was, of course, given the home players by the spectators, and the fall of each wicket was met with a storm of applause. The game grew more interesting as it progressed, and the spectators more hopeful as the visitors' wickets continued to fall at a much lower average than that of their first inning. The following are the runs at the fall of each wicket:

FIRST INNINGS.

Philadelphia—19, 18, 24, 36, 50, 73, 93, 100, 101, 113.

Ireland—1, 15, 51, 64, 92, 94, 96, 120, 154, 154.

SECOND INNINGS.

Philadelphia—4, 26, 34, 41, 98, 98, 106, 120, 127, 127.

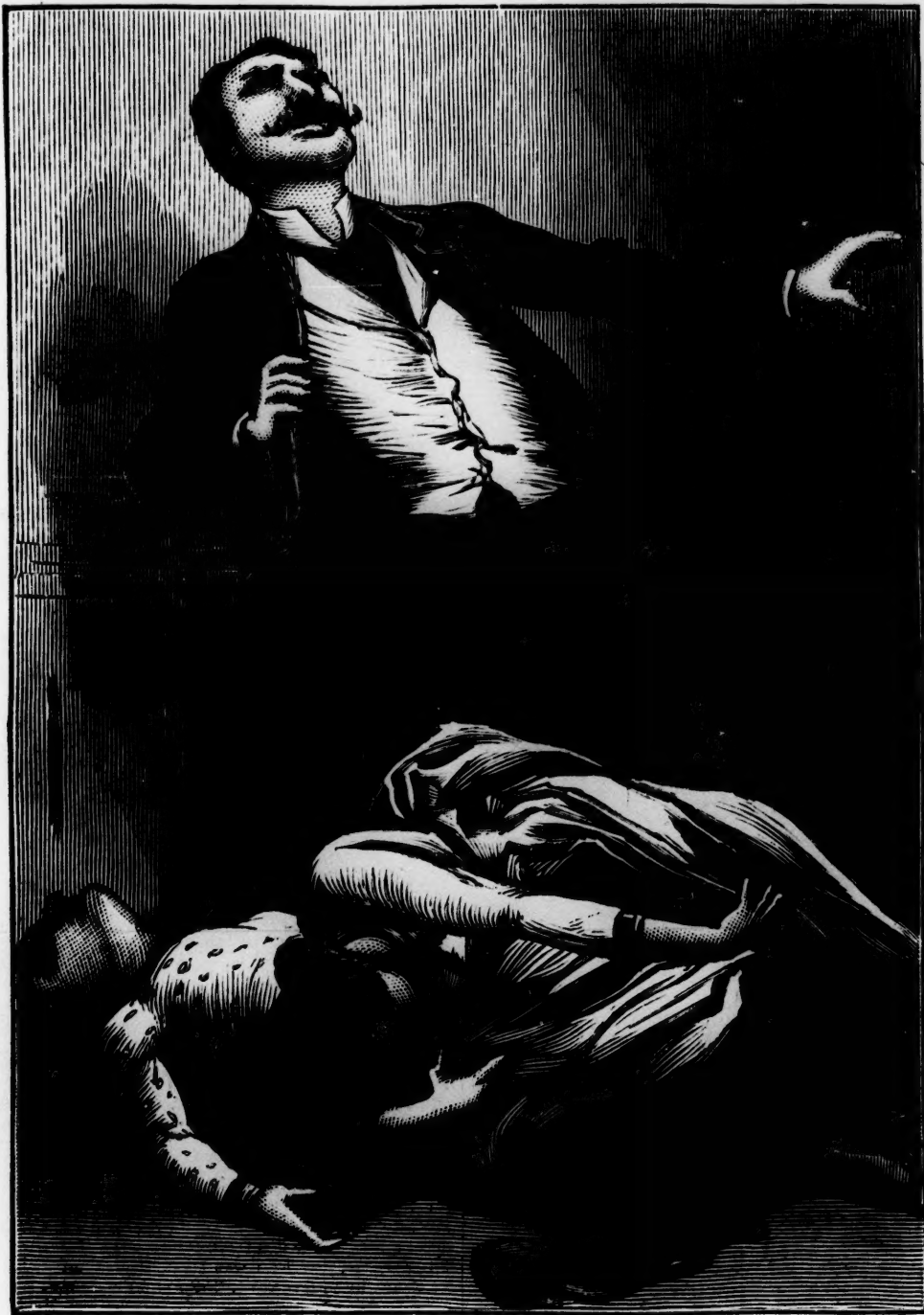
Ireland—7, 11, 30, 41, 57, 57, 99, 104, 113, 119.

Dick Moorehouse, whose match with Jack Hopper recently fell through, on account of the latter declining to give any weight, was so unfortunate as to nearly break his ankles, larking with a friend, and is now in the hospital.

George A. Richer, president of the Rochester Association, acted as starting judge at Fleetwood Park.

CHAMPION OF PAPERS.

J. T. Hoskins, Blair, Tex., says: "The Police Gazette is the champion of American sporting papers."



AN AWFUL DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.
AFTER TRYING TO KILL HIS DIVORCED WIFE AND STEP-DAUGHTER, HENRY THIEME OF JEFFERSON, ILL., ENDS HIS OWN LIFE.



WENT FOR THE QUILL-DRIVER.
CITY SHERIFF J. W. McDONALD OF WATERBURY, CONN., KNOCKS OUT EDITOR FRED R. SWIFT OF THE SUNDAY "HERALD."



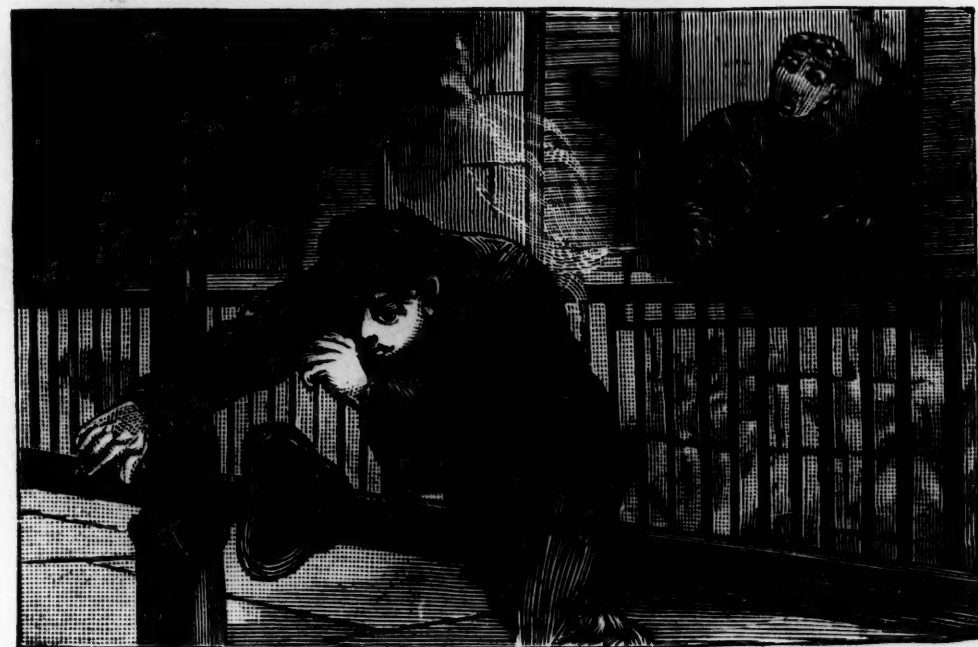
A TERRIBLY FEROCIOUS BRUTE.
THREE MEN HAVE A FRIGHTFUL ENCOUNTER WITH A BLOODTHIRSTY BULL-DOG IN AN EAST SIDE, NEW YORK CITY, SALOON.



MADE HIM TAKE WATER.
MRS. ED. HOSPE, THE WIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN BOHEMIAN OF OMAHA, NEBRASKA, GOES FOR HER TRUANT SPOUSE.



BEATEN BY A HORSE.
A NOVEL RACE BETWEEN A ROADSTER AND A BICYCLIST NEAR EL PASO, TEX., IN WHICH THE FORMER WON.



THE GUN WENT OFF.
ANDREW J. CLARK OF WASHINGTON, D. C., WHILE STANDING AT A WINDOW WITH A LOADED GUN ACCIDENTALLY SHOOTS ANDREW ROLLS.

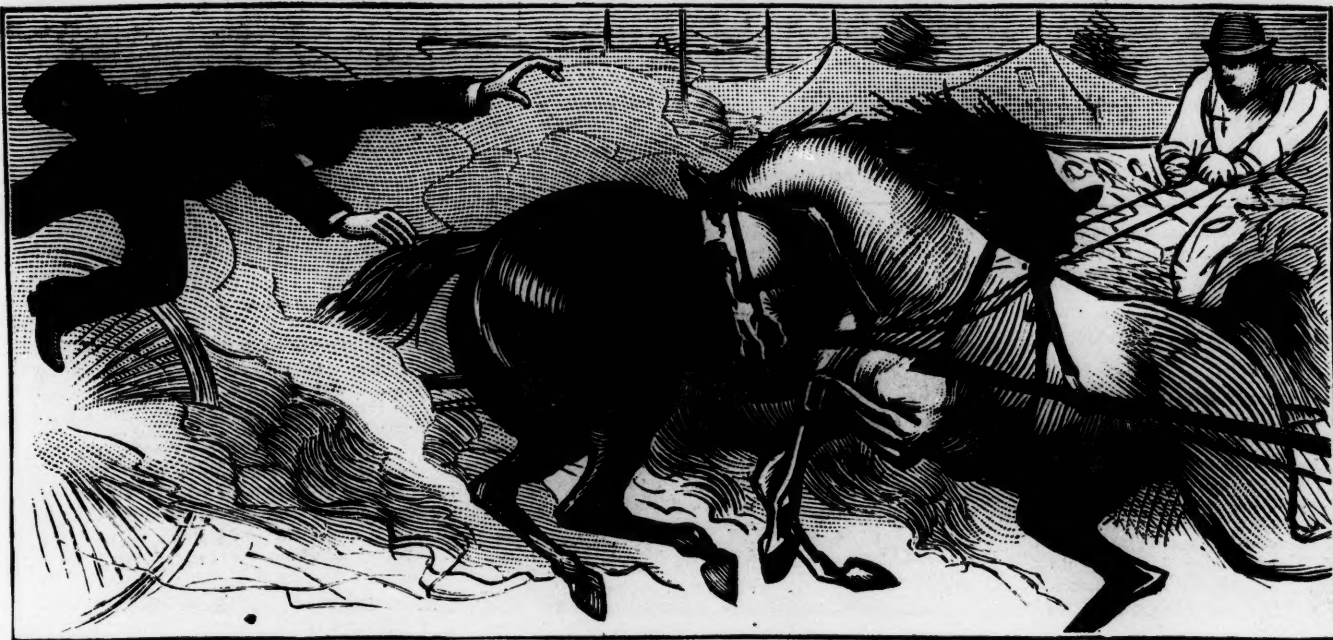


A FATHER'S CRUELTY.
DR. P. M. LEONARD OF FORT WAYNE, IND., MAKES A BRUTAL ASSAULT ON HIS DAUGHTER WITH A BUGGY WHIP.



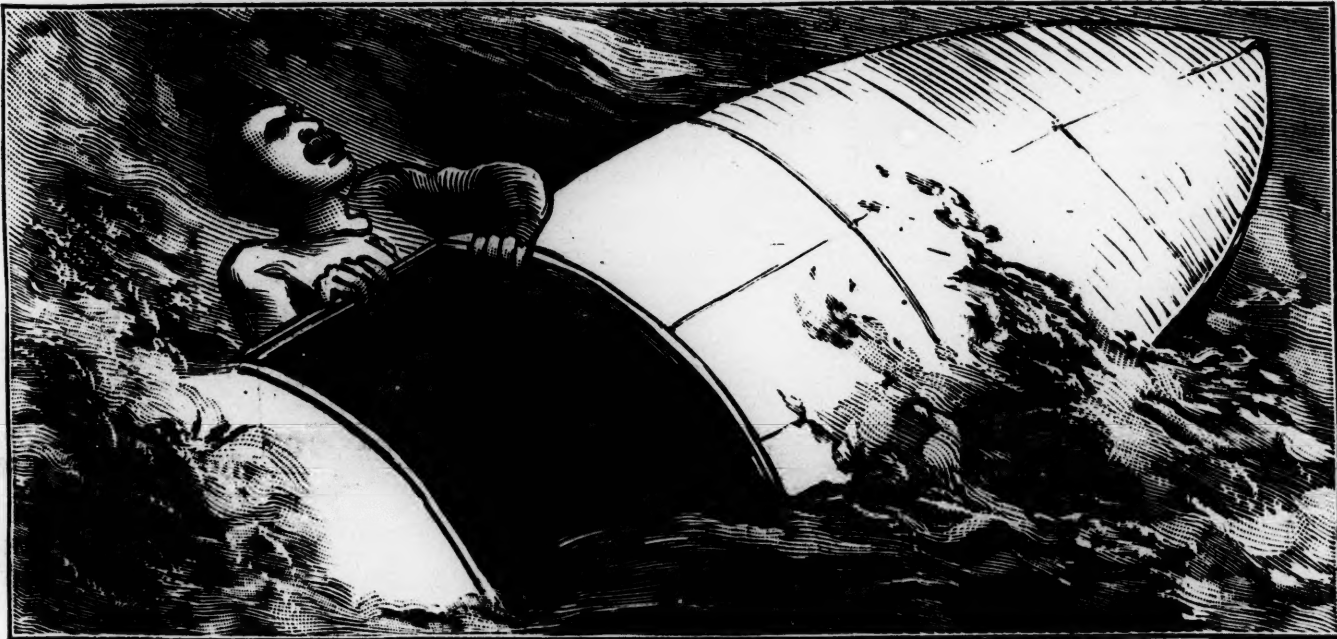
MASHED THE MASHERS.

HOW SPECIAL OFFICER DONAPHEE HANDLED A COUPLE OF SPOONEY CHAPS WHO INSULTED THE LADY PATRONS OF A WILLIAMSBURGH, N. Y., THEATRE.



THEIR LAST TROT.

FATAL COLLISION ON THE FAIR GROUNDS, MONMOUTH, ILL., BETWEEN TWO WELL-KNOWN ROADSTERS.



TOSSED BY THE RAPIDS.

CHARLES A. PERCY'S THRILLING EXPERIENCE IN NAVIGATING THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS AT NIAGARA FALLS, AND HIS NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH.



THEY HAZED HIM.

COLLEGE STUDENTS AT GALESBURG, ILLINOIS, PERPETRATE A GROSS AND MALICIOUS OUTRAGE ON BEN X. SMITH, ONE OF THEIR CLASSMATES.



JAS. E. BEDELL,

TRUSTED CLERK OF A NEW YORK CITY LAW FIRM, A FORGER ON A VERY EXTENSIVE SCALE.



ALBERT EMANCEL,

A NOTORIOUS SWINDLER AND MASHER OF ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, NOW AT LARGE.



NICHOLAS MAYSICCI,

WHO SHOT AND KILLED JOHN KING ON SUNDAY, SEPT. SIXTEEN, AT CORNING, N. Y.

DIED GAME.

Aleck Goldenson, the Murderer
of Mamie Kelly, Suffers
the Death Penalty.

A CALIFORNIA SENSATION.

Details of the Event Which Thrilled
the Great City of San
Francisco.

HISTORY OF THE CRIME.

A special from San Francisco, Cal., giving the details of the hanging of Aleck Goldenson, the school-girl murderer, on Sept. 14, is as follows:

Jailers, reporters, doctors, and all who predicted that the young murderer, Goldenson, would weaken on the gallows, were greatly surprised to-day when he met death in a gamier fashion than any murderer who has been executed here for years. Not only did he show no traces of fear or weakness, but he actually placed the noose with one hand around his own neck and was far more calm than the deputies who sent him to death. His nerve at the last moment completed the puzzle afforded by his strange character, which was a combination of moral callousness, vanity, cunning, cowardice, and keen intelligence, with feminine changes of mood, that tried to the utmost the patience of his jailers for months. He abused the Sheriff like a pickpocket; yet at the end he thanked him in simple and manly fashion for his great kindness. Only yesterday he cursed his old father because the latter appeared in shabby clothes to bid him good-by. Yet to-day he received every one politely and was more at ease than any who entered the cell.

He had always been blasphemous and irreverent when clergymen called on him, yet last night he was baptized a Catholic, and to-day the priest who attended him said he believed his conversion was sincere. Nothing could have been more manly and courageous than his bearing on the gallows to-day, yet for months he had made himself hated at the jail by his exhibition of foul speech and low malice.

Three hours before the hanging the street in front of the jail was packed with a great crowd, many of them men who swore if a reprieve came they would storm the jail and lynch the murderer. A hundred extra police were on hand for an emergency. Every available bit of standing room was occupied. In the jail not less than 600 were present.

As the hour drew toward noon the sun's rays beat down through the open skylights, and the heat became intense. Many spectators, including many interior sheriffs, were forced to retire through fear of fainting. Even the lofts were filled with eager lookers-on, while the roof was crowded with those who were contented to peep through the skylights.

At 12 o'clock sounded from the City Hall the march to the gallows was begun. Goldenson moved firmly with the picture of the murdered girl hanging by a silk string to his left hand, while in his right he grasped a small American flag, such as have been sold as Republican campaign emblems. Goldenson marched up the stairs with a firm tread, and reaching the scaffold he turned and faced the spectators without a tremor. A half smile flitted across his face as he advanced to the front of the scaffold, and resting his right hand on a gas pipe, which runs across the corridor, he cleared his voice and said:

"I wish to say a few words before I die. I have often reiterated that Mamie was my first and only love. I say now she was. I hope to be forgiven by her and all. I hope I will go to heaven. I thank you all for your kindness to me, good-by."

The few words he spoke were delivered in a clear voice, and not a tremor was noted. The sun was shining in his face through the grating overhead, and made it uncomfortable for him while he stood at the front of the scaffold. When he finished he stepped back on the trap door and carefully measured the distance with his eye, so as to stand in the center. He then extended his right hand and shook hands with all who were standing on the scaffold. Then passing the handkerchief to Jailer Rogers, who was standing in front him, he raised both hands and unfastened his tie and collar. When he had thus far assisted the deputies, he raised the photograph to his lips and gave it one long, passionate kiss.

Jailer Rogers passed the handkerchief back to him and slipped to one side to pick up the straps. As he did so those in front were afforded a good opportunity to see the condemned man. The hair, cut pompadour style, was brushed back from his forehead, and his face was as white as marble. Not a muscle moved as he gazed unflinchingly at the crowd in the corridor below. He wore the clothes he had on at the time of the murder. The coat was buttoned across his chest, and in the left lapel he wore a bright red pink, similar to the one he had the day he was last sentenced.

When the deputies advanced to him with the straps he extended both arms so as to afford them a better opportunity of pinning him. When the straps had been adjusted around his legs and waist he turned to a deputy and said:

"Give me the noose!"

The rope was passed to him, and the first time he tried to place it over his head it fell short. A murmur went up from the crowd, but no attention was paid to it by Goldenson. The second time he succeeded, and as the noose fell over his head he ejaculated:

"That is the proof that I loved her. Good-by."

KILRAIN, THE VALOROUS KNIGHT.

WARSAW, Va., Sept. 13, '88.
Your paper affords me great entertainment, especially the articles commending the valorous knight of the ring, Jake Kilrain. Long may he live to wield knock-out blows to all those who dispute his clearly established title to the championship.
S. S. SHELTON.

friends and enemies alike! By this I proved I loved her."

He again raised the photograph to his lips and kissed it. The deputies then fastened the straps around his arms, and, when all was in readiness, Goldenson said:

"Good-by, Sheriff."

The Sheriff again shook him by the hand, and as the noose was being tightened around his neck he glanced down at where the reporters were standing. He stood erect, and not a sign was noticeable that could show he was weakening. Under Sheriff O'Conner then took the

I desire in this connection to say that there seems to be an evident effort to shield criminals from suffering the responsibility which follows in the path of crime, a desire which is on the increase instead of diminishing. So far as I am concerned, I will not tolerate nor sanction it.

In this modern dispensation of justice the criminal labors under the idea that he is an injured member of society, and that everything should be done to render his pathway to a point of escape from the penalty of crime committed easy and sure, and but little thought being given to the victim of his lust, cowardice and



"THEY HAVE MURDERED MY POOR BOY."

black cap from the hook and drew it over Goldenson's face, shutting out the light for ever. As the ribbons of the cap were tightened around his neck he said in a muffled voice:

"I want to shake hands with Father Fassanott."

The clergyman stepped on the trap, and taking him by the hand bid him good-by.

"Good-by, Father," answered Goldenson.

With a quick motion Chief Rogers tightened the noose, raised his right hand as a signal, and the rope holding the lever of the drop was cut by a deputy, the door swinging open at exactly 12:08 o'clock and Goldenson shot into space below.

When the rope became taut there was not a muscle moved and all saw Goldenson was dead. The body swayed slightly to and fro and in his clinched hands the dead man still held the handkerchief and the photograph of his victim.

The neck was dislocated and death was painless. At 12:30 the pulse ceased to beat. On the dead face was the suggestion of a smile, and the comment of all was that Goldenson looked better in death than he ever had in life.

After the body of Goldenson was examined by physicians it was taken to the house of the family. There the coffin was met at the door by the mother, who wept and cast herself on the body and cried:

"They have murdered my poor boy; they would not let me prove he was innocent."

She finally had to be led away. A platoon of police guarded the house to prevent any possible attempt to desecrate the corpse.

The following is Gov. Waterman's letter refusing to interfere in the case:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, STATE OF CALIFORNIA, SACRAMENTO, July 13, 1888.—Hon. William H. Jordan, San Francisco: DEAR SIR—My private secretary has presented for my consideration your letter, under date of July 10, relative to a proposed application for pardon, or commutation of sentence, imposed upon Aleck Goldenson, the cruel murderer of little Mamie Kelly. I have studied this case well and faithfully, and there is not a shadow of right or reason why I should interfere in the just findings of the law, or why I should be approached in the matter.

passion. I will never be a party to the deification of crime or criminals. The courts have done nobly in adjudicating upon the case now under consideration, and I will not assume to be the censor of their action by setting it aside when it is entirely in consonance with my own views.

I have reached a conclusion, so far as my authority has any bearing upon it, in the case of Aleck Goldenson. I have made it public so that there might not be any doubt in regard to it, and I now repeat it: "I will not, under any circumstances, interfere in the carrying out of the sentence imposed upon Aleck Goldenson." That is my decision. By it I shall abide, and any further appeal to me will not only be unnecessary, but unavailing. Yours truly,
R. W. WATERMAN, GOVERNOR.

WAS IT MURDER OR ACCIDENT?

A special to the POLICE GAZETTE from Sikeston, Mo., says: Great excitement is prevailing here over the supposed horrible murder of Mrs. Annie Rieler, living four miles east of this place, by her husband Thomas J. Rieler, which occurred on the 14th inst. The murder was committed in a small log hut, used as a kitchen near the main house, and the instrument of death is a large butcher knife. She is terribly cut and mangled, there being nearly a dozen bad cuts and bruises on her person. The cut that caused her death was a thrust of the knife entirely through her neck, starting in on the left and coming out on the right side. The deputy sheriff placed the murderer under arrest, and a coroner's jury found that the victim had come to her death at the hands of her husband. He stoutly maintains his innocence, and says he thinks she stuck the knife in herself in falling from a box. He says he was about 200 yards from the house when she was killed and does not know how it was done. But notwithstanding all this, all of the evidence goes plainly to show that he did the deed, and such is undoubtedly so. There had been a great deal of family troubles, which are attrib-



THE MURDERER AND THE PRIEST.

The subordinate courts have passed upon the case, and the conclusion reached was adverse to the criminal. An appeal to the Supreme Court, the highest legal tribunal of the State, resulted in upholding (and in the strongest manner) the action of the lower tribunals. Another appeal to the Supreme Court met with a refusal, and finally an application to the highest tribunal of the land, composed of learned and able jurists, was dismissed without a hearing, there was so little of merit in the proposition.

uted as the cause of the murder. Four children, the oldest 8 years, are left. The murder is the most cold-blooded and horrible that was ever committed here. There was strong talk and some action toward lynch-

CAMPAIGN PORTRAITS

Suitable for saloons, club rooms, barber shops, &c., elegant colored portraits of the Democratic and Republican candidates for President and Vice-President. Send 25 cents for your choice.

ing the accused murderer, but better judgment prevailed, and the law will take its course. He waived preliminary examination, and was lodged in the Cape Girardeau county jail to await Circuit Court, which sits on Oct. 15. The murderer is about 60 years old, about 5 feet 9 inches high, will weigh 160 pounds and wears only a chin beard, his upper lip being shaved clean.

THE PASTOR KISSED HER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]
Society in Livermore, Ky., especially in church circles, has been in a high state of excitement for several days over a sensation in which Rev. Charles W. Hall, a minister of the Methodist Church, and a Miss May, a young lady member of the same congregation, figure as the principal parties. The cause of the affair was a charge made by Miss May to the effect that Rev. Chas. Hall forcibly hugged and kissed her. The feeling was heightened by the fact that the friends of the young lady were not content to let the minister off without the exposure consequent upon a hearing of the matter before the District Conference, which met there recently. Miss May's story is straightforward, modest and frank. She says that on a certain occasion they happened alone together, with nobody near or looking. He seized the delightful opportunity and gathered her in his arms, at the same time popping a burning kiss squarely down upon her lips. Being incensed beyond measure, she spurned him from her, at the same instant letting fly her dainty fist upon his nose with all the force in her. He recovered himself and left, beseeching her before he left her to say nothing of the matter, as he meant no harm by it.

THEIR LAST TROT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]
An accident occurred recently at the fair grounds, Monmouth, Ill., that put an end to the life of two of the finest animals in that section. Gabby Bros. Donaldson, and John Holiday's Guidon were being driven on the track, when they collided in front of the amphitheatre. Both were pierced in exactly the same way by the inner shaft of the other sulky. Both fell and fought bravely for life for a few moments, but the shafts had reached vital spots, and the horses were soon dead. Donaldson was valued at about \$500 and Guidon at \$1,000.

SHE WAS A TOUGH ONE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]
On Thursday night Sheriff Taylor took a train near Kearney, Neb., bound for an asylum with an insane woman. The train had scarcely started when Mrs. Howe, who was in front of the sheriff, gave a scream and, rushing out, sprang off. Taylor had hold of her and she dragged him along in falling. She fell on top of him, he striking the ground on his left side and breaking his collar bone and one rib and dislocating his right thumb, also bruising the left side of his face badly. The train backed down and picked them up.

WENT FOR THE QUILL-DRIVER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]
Fred R. Swift, editor and proprietor of the Waterbury (Conn.) Sunday Herald, was assaulted in the office of Mayor Boughen, that city, by City Sheriff J. W. McDonald. The trouble originated in an article published in the Herald, which intimated that McDonald was connected with the whiskey ring. The Sheriff, seeing Mr. Swift in the Mayor's office, demanded a retraction. Mr. Swift refused and McDonald struck him three times. A ring on the Sheriff's finger made an ugly wound under Swift's left eye.

A FATHER'S CRUELTY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]
On Tuesday morning, while Dr. P. M. Leonard, of Fort Wayne, Ind., was escorting his daughter, Miss Hattie, to a school she is teaching in the city, he repeatedly struck her on the head with the heavy end of a buggy whip. The girl's screams soon brought assistance. Then Leonard drove away, leaving his daughter prostrate. She was removed to her home and cared for by her friends. Leonard is a prominent and well-known physician here. The cause of the assault is not known.

A FRENCH BARON'S LUCK.

A Guatemalan Invests Two Dollars and Now Has Thirty Thousand.

The assertion has frequently been made that only the poor invest in lottery tickets. A case which came to the observation of an Examiner reporter, however, disproves this insinuation.

It is a rather odd story, the one which comes from the semi-wilds of republican Guatemala.

A baron of France, who emigrated to this portion of Central America shortly after the Franco-German war had terminated so fatally for his country, instead of posing as a gentleman too proud to soil his hands with labor, made the best of his circumstances.

He was in a strange land without funds or friends; the latter, however, he soon secured, for he was industrious, and after working for several years as an overseer upon the plantation of a native planter, he married the planter's daughter and in due time became a planter himself.

His father had, in the days of Louis Philippe, been a director in the Royal French Lottery, so that when The Louisiana State Lottery Company established an agency in his adopted country he patronized it. His investments, however, did not prove very remunerative until the June drawing, when Baron Blank, as usual, made his visit to town, and paying two American dollars, received in exchange one of those white-green-blue slips of paper, which has a number printed in black across the face of it. The document was taken home, and le Baron thought nothing more of the circumstance until one day, when he was surprised at receiving a communication from the agents from whom the ticket had been bought, notifying him to see them at once. The communication rather upset him. Had Dame Fortune at last smiled on him? Had he finally been rewarded for innumerable disappointments? These and many other questions suggested themselves to him, as he hastened to keep the appointment. The truth was soon learned. Baron Blank had bought ticket 80,443, which had won one-tenth of the capital prize of \$300,000.

The ticket was sent to Kuhlman, Salz & Co., the leather merchants of this city, who represent the Central American firm where it had been bought. The money was collected through the Anglo-Nevada Bank of San Francisco, and by this time the lucky Frenchman is now in full possession of his \$30,000, when he secured by an investment of two dollars.—San Francisco (Cal.) Examiner, Aug. 5.

THE QUESTION.

Will There Be a Fight Between
the Champion, Kilrain,
and John L.?

PROBABLY NOT FOR SOME TIME.

The Boston Boy Having Been Laid
on His Back by Serious
Gastric Troubles.

KILRAIN IS KING.

In all parts of the country the topic of discussion in sporting circles concerns Jake Kilrain, the champion pugilist of the world, and Sullivan, the ex-champion. In all public resorts one can hear such remarks as the following: "Will there be a fight between Sullivan and Kilrain?" "Are Sullivan and Kilrain going to fight?" "When will the fight take place?" etc., etc. Even at the race track, after the horses are at the post and the bookmakers have a breathing spell, Sullivan and Kilrain, and Dempsey and Kilrain are the topic of discussion. Even the newspapers are full of what Sullivan says, what Kilrain intends to do and what Dempsey is anxious for.

On Sept. 18, the following special was published in the *World*:

Ever since the arrival of Jake Kilrain in this country John L. Sullivan has maintained a silence. Kilrain has been quoted as saying many uncomplimentary things of the big fellow, though doubtless nine-tenths of what has been credited to him is pure fabrication. On Kilrain's arrival in this city I had an extensive interview with him, and although he discussed the entire pugilistic situation, he showed no desire to trample John under foot.

"I am on top," said Jake, "and John is down. Nothing would suit me better than to have a shy at him; but understand me, I want him to be all right and be at his best when I do so."

After Kilrain left this city, it is claimed that he made many statements in variance with the above, but his friends, like myself, are of the opinion that if such talk ever escaped Kilrain's lips it must have been done in defense of his position.

The sporting fraternity were startled yesterday, and to say it was angry would be putting it mildly. The cause was an article that appeared in last evening's *Globe* in the form of an alleged interview with Wm. E. Harding, of the *Police Gazette*. Harding stated "that it was cowardice and ruin that are making John L. sick," and intimates that he is afraid to meet Jake Kilrain.

Several hundred people have tried to see John, but as Dr. Bush, who is attending him, has given positive orders that he shall be kept perfectly quiet, very few of his own family have been permitted to speak to him.

I had a chat with his brother Mike and his old friend Tom Delay last night, and Mike stated that there was \$1,000 ready which would be put up as a forfeit should Richard K. Fox or Jake Kilrain be of the opinion that John was shamming, or in other words feigning illness.

Hearing so many different stories, I determined to call on the great pugilist, and, once for all, give the public a chance to ascertain the true situation. On reaching the Triton Cottage, at Crescent Beach, I was introduced to John's friend and nurse. There was another person present who has been associated with John in a professional capacity for several years. He did not fail to ventilate his feelings in regard to "the shameful manner in which Kilrain and Fox have treated John," as he chose to state it.

"Why should they persecute John?" said his friend. "What has he done to either of them? For my part, I think they are acting in the most cowardly manner towards the greatest man that ever faced an opponent in a ring."

Sullivan's nurse then interrupted further talk on the merits of the "Big Un," as she quietly slipped into the parlor and announced that although John was asleep, still I might have a look at him, providing I would promise not to speak to him in the event of his awakening. John's room was found on the first floor, and situated in the east end of the building. When the writer stepped over the threshold John was lying on the bed, with his face towards the wall and well covered with heavy bed clothes. On stepping around to the foot of the bed the face of the great athlete could be plainly seen.

He was not sleeping soundly, as his hands would nervously twitch every few seconds, which plainly denoted that the big fellow was in anything but a settled state of mind. His face was shrunken badly, and the usual rugged look had vanished. His appearance proved conclusively to me that he had been and was yet a very sick man. There was not the least trace of dissipation on his features, as his skin was white even to pallor. His cheeks were sunken, and his big hands, which were laid out by his side, were also as white as those of a woman. He moved restlessly, and this caused a signal from his nurse, who motioned the writer to make his exit.

The nurse then took a fan and caused a gentle breeze to play around the sleeper's face, and again the world-beater sank into a peaceful slumber.

Afterward in the parlor the nurse appeared and made a very clear statement about the cause of John's illness.

"He made a move in the right direction," said she, "on Kilrain's arrival in this country, and at once put a stop to his nonsense by quitting drink. Knowing that sea baths were good, he indulged in them to his heart's content, while stopping at Nantasket. On several occasions he would remain in the water much longer than it was good for him to do, and then took anything but good care of himself. His stomach was naturally weak after he stopped drinking, and the re-

sult was he caught cold out of failure to take a good rubbing after his bath.

"Dr. Bush, who has been attending him, states that there is just as much reason to believe that the attack was not brought about by a debauch as that it was. The doctor says that if John is kept perfectly quiet and the instructions are carried out he will be out of bed in a couple of weeks."

But it will be many months before he again will be able to demonstrate his superiority over the many aspirants for pugilistic honors.

The New Bedford *Mercury* publishes the following:

"Jake Kilrain, the famous prize fighter, is in town. The news spread like wild fire on the streets last evening, and many were the admirers of the handsome pugilist who tried to obtain a glimpse of their favorite. Mr. Kilrain, accompanied by the champion feather-weight, Johnnie Murphy, of Harvard College, and a huge leather bag, which was nearly as large as Mr. Murphy, and bearing distinguishing marks of foreign travel, reached New Bedford last evening by the 7:40 train. Kilrain was recognized at the station when he alighted from the cars and the hue and cry went up at once. The Kilrain party called upon John P. Moore at the Eureka House, and were piloted by that gentleman in a carriage to 'The Gazette,' the hostelry of James F. Moore, the genial friend of Messrs. Kilrain and Murphy. During their stay in this city, which will cover several weeks, the gentlemen will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Moore."

A reporter of the *Mercury* called at "The Gazette" during the evening to pay his respects to the champion. Kilrain proved to be the same gentlemanly fellow that he has always shown himself to his New Bedford friends. The champion's journey in the Old World has not detracted a whit from his good looks. On the other hand, his pleasant countenance was filled with the fresh glow which a state of perfect physical health gives a man. As he said himself, "I think that the trip has been beneficial in more ways than one. I have gained in flesh as I have gained in a knowledge of the ways of the world and the methods of ring fighting."

From reading the glowing accounts in the New York *World* of the champion's alleged cockney English, the reporter was led to expect a slight affectation of English as he spoke in the Queen's own country, but in this an agreeable disappointment awaited him. Affectation? Nonsense! All who know Kilrain know that he has too much of the true gentleman in him to ape the manners of the people with whom his lot has been thrown for a time. During all the hour and a half of pleasant conversation which the reporter enjoyed with Kilrain, Murphy and the Messrs. Moore, the champion did not drop a single "h," nor did he give utterance to a single expression which was not in accordance with plain, straight, matter-of-fact United States language.

"The newspapers have given me 'roasts' on this subject," said Kilrain, referring to articles which have appeared in several prominent sporting papers, which abounded in cockney talk spread on thicker than mustard in a county fair sandwich.

Many pleasant references to the scenes through which he has passed since he was last in this city were indulged in by the pugilist. He spoke in the warmest terms of Jim Keenan, his first backer, and Richard K. Fox, who stands ready, as does Keenan, at present to back him for any amount.

"What is there to be said about Sullivan, the 'big one,' as he is sometimes called?" asked the reporter, after hearing the story of how Fox had posted \$5,000 as a forfeit in Paris, to be covered by Sullivan, when he was blowing about his prowess, which his friends claimed was superior to Kilrain's. The money, by the way, has never been covered.

"You may say that I stand ready at any time to fight Sullivan when he comes to terms with his money," was Kilrain's reply.

Kilrain is wanted in Boston to take charge of the new \$250,000 club room of the Boston Athletic Club on Huntington avenue, and he will shortly go to Boston with reference to this matter. During his stay in this city he will do some "work," taking plenty of exercise at pedestrianism and other tasks. Among the presents to his friends in his native land, Mr. Kilrain brought James F. Moore a handsome blackthorn cane which is a very handsome affair; a fine specimen of the genuine Irish shillalah, such as is used at the Donnybrook fair by the bold Tipperary lads, was also among his presents to Mr. Moore. While Kilrain and Murphy are in this city they will not lack for visitors, for hosts of their friends are anxious to receive the hearty handshake and cordial, gentlemanly greeting which they extend to all.

The attack of gastric fever John L. Sullivan contracted on Sept. 16 prevented him from coming to New York, as was arranged, consequently the proposed match for the championship and \$10,000 between John L. and Jake Kilrain will not be arranged for the present. If Sullivan had not been laid out by gastric fever he might have ratified a match with Kilrain or he might not have done so. He was no doubt very sick, consequently he must receive the benefit of the doubt. In the meantime Kilrain still stands king of the pugilistic castle, and is ready to defend his stronghold against all comers. He would sooner meet Sullivan in the arena than any man living, and if the latter recovers will be willing to face him at any time in the 24-foot ring.

A special to the *World*, Sept. 20, in regard to John L. Sullivan says: John L. Sullivan, king of pugilists, lay tossing and moaning on a bed of pain last night at the Orient Cottage, Crescent Beach.

Unfavorable symptoms in his disease, gastric fever, had developed in the afternoon and early evening. Friends and relatives of the stricken pugilist were hastily summoned to the bedside of the fistic gladiator.

Then, and not until then, did thoughts of the future trouble John L. Sullivan. His early training at home at the hands of a fond mother had been forgotten in the whirl and intoxication of the plaudits of multitudinous admirers in the prize ring; the woman who had reared Boston's best specimen of physical development, and who on many an occasion had stuck by him when all others had turned their backs, sat by his bedside smoothing his brow.

The unfortunate turn came and Mrs. Sullivan rose to summon the attendants. Hurriedly messengers were despatched for physicians and priests.

The companion of the pugilistic champion on his tour through Europe, Annie Livingston, was the first to reach the couch. He turned his head and motioned her near. She came, and John's mother was now a

second personage in the eyes of the champion. His hands and feet began to get cold and all thought that the end was nigh.

Big tears trickled down the face of the old mother, who knelt at the bedside praying for her boy. Annie Livingston, too, seemed deeply affected, and gazed with an anxious look on the proud champion of two continents. No doubt she loves John L. Did she not, it is hardly probable she would have accompanied him to England. Did she not, it is hardly probable she would have nursed him in his present illness.

At length one of the priests came and all bowed their heads as the reverend man approached the bed. He looked at John, then at the poor old mother and finally at Annie, then motioned all to leave the room. They complied with his request, and he was alone with the champion.

Sullivan was conscious, but weak. He recognized the clergyman.

"Who is this young woman, John, that has just left the room?" asked the priest.

Sullivan hesitated. He did not wish to tell the priest of the exact relations that existed between him and Annie Livingston, but finally he mustered up courage and admitted that she was his mistress.

"You must send her away," said the priest.

"I cannot and will not," replied the pugilist.

The clergyman pleaded for some time with John, but it was no use. Sullivan's last words to the priest concerning this woman were: "Annie Livingston has been a true friend to me in time of trouble. She has stuck to me when others who were nearer gave me the cold shoulder; she has nursed me kindly the last three weeks, and I don't propose to go back on her now."

The other clergyman who called also used their persuasive powers on the champion to send Annie away, but the sick man was obdurate.

At 9 o'clock this morning he was resting very easy, but his condition has not changed. The sick champion had a bad night of it, so his attendants reported this morning. He was very restless and not until about 6 o'clock this morning did he begin to sleep soundly.

About 10 o'clock last night John was feeling better, but his father, who was summoned early in the evening, remained with him till 7 o'clock this morning.

The physician attending John is still confident that he will be all right again within six or seven weeks, and then he will be a better man than before.

As soon as he has sufficiently recovered he will be taken to the Hot Springs, in Arkansas, where he will stay a month. Then he will take a trip to Texas or Mexico, and remain in that section for a month or more.

It was reported last night that the big fellow had a bad hemorrhage, but the nurse denies that such was the case. All the food that is given him he retains on the stomach, which, the physician says, is a good sign that the stomach is getting better.

As nourishment, the champion is given extract of beef every few hours. An hour after taking the beef he is given a white pill.

In an hour he takes a drink of milk and soda, and an hour afterwards he is given a spoonful of black mixture.

From the time he became sick until Monday he had been taking chicken broth. The physician has ordered the nurse not to give him any more of it, as it brought on a bad diarrhoea.

The sick champion has good courage, and at times he laughs and jokes with the persons in the room.

CRESCENT BEACH, 12:15 P. M.—John L. Sullivan is sleeping now. The doctor has been again sent for. It is thought that he is a little better.

About noon to-day the parties attending John L. Sullivan noticed a bad change in the sick man, and at 2 o'clock this afternoon the attendants reported that he was worse than last night.

3 P. M.—Dr. Bush has been with John L. Sullivan since 2:30. The doctor, on leaving the cottage at the above hour, pronounced his patient a little better.

5 P. M.—Dr. Bush says there is no material change in John L. Sullivan's condition, but, with good care, the chances are in his favor.

The New York *Sun*, Sept. 21, says: "An interesting romance is being woven around the sick bed. It was not generally known that Annie Livingston, who posed as Mrs. John L. Sullivan on the famous European trip, had left him, but such is the fact. Previous to Sullivan's last debauch he and Annie had a stormy interview. She upbraided him for drinking, and he told her to go to some warmer climate and keep her mouth shut. Annie at once sent for Harry Phillips, Sullivan's old manager, and arranged with him for a tour of the country as the star of a variety company. Phillips saw that there was money in the scheme and closed the contract. Annie was to be billed as 'Mrs. John L. Sullivan,' and was to receive \$75 a week for her part in the programme. All the arrangements were completed when Sullivan was taken sick. When the serious nature of the illness became known, the first person to reach Sullivan's bedside was Annie Livingston. All anger and hatred had disappeared, and only the loving, attentive friend stood beside the bed. When John realized who it was that smoothed his pillow and administered the medicine there was a sincere reconciliation, and now there is no one who can make him quite as comfortable as Annie. The priest, it is reported, tried hard to get the champion to send her away from the cottage, but John would not listen to such a proposition.

"She has been a good friend to me," said he, "and I shall never order her to leave. She has watched over me very patiently night and day, and I could not receive any better care from my mother."

A special from Boston to the *POLICE GAZETTE*, Sept. 19, says: Kilrain called at the *Herald* office for mail awaiting him in the rooms of the sporting department. Incidentally he talked about a report from New York that he and Mitchell were not on the most friendly terms.

"The story is absurd," said Jake, "and is based only on a shadow of a foundation. When I was in New York I was asked all sorts of questions about Mitchell and concerning his movements in the future. Now I am not Mitchell's manager nor have I any authority to speak for him. I was so beset by newspaper men and others in New York with reference to Charley that at last I had to say that I knew nothing about him, and could not say what our relations would be when he reached here, if he ever came. I suppose this set them thinking and they drew the conclusion that we were not good friends. Why, we never had a cross word during all the time we were together in England, and that is saying a great deal for two boxers. We are still on the best terms."

"Before I came away from England, Charley told me he was coming out here in October, and I certainly expect him. When he does come we will sit down and talk over our plans for the future."

"What about the Dempsey controversy?"

"Oh, that doesn't amount to anything. A deal of talk was made and is still being made, but that's all. When I reached this country I couldn't find anyone

who was willing to put up a dollar against me, and I haven't seen anybody yet who will make a move in that direction. You'll find that when Mitchell arrives it will be so in his case. They won't stake a dollar against him for anybody—those who now talk so much."

"Have you seen Killen's challenge?"

"Yes; there's nothing to that either. What he wants is an exhibition with gloves in a public hall, each man to take his proportion of the gate receipts. Yes, I understand he has made a deposit for such a match in Chicago, but I am told that 'Yank' Adams, with whom the deposit has been made, is his backer. That won't go, and, besides, as I've said before, when everybody who claims an interest has had his share of gate receipts from a public show of that kind, there is little left for the principals. If Killen wants a fight under London rules for a stake and will put up his money as an earnest of his intentions, I will give him a match. I shall be in Boston or vicinity until Charlie arrives. I am taking a rest and can afford to do so now. When I went away from here I was less anxious for a quiet time, but I've got something now to fall back upon, and I feel like enjoying myself."

The Boston *Globe*, under the caption, "The Big Fellow Laid Out," says: "John L. Sullivan is a sick man. The former king of the roped arena lies prostrate on a bed of illness in a secluded cottage at Crescent Beach. How serious his condition may be inferred from the positive orders of his physicians that no one save the nurse, Sullivan's parents and the medical men may be admitted to the sick room."

"One of the doctors in attendance upon the distressed gladiator insists that John L.'s stomach and liver are in a very bad condition. According to a statement of the nurse, the sick man is restless, feverish and in great pain. Additional medical skill was deemed necessary yesterday, and a third physician is now at Sullivan's bedside."

Jack Dempsey, according to an evening paper published in this city, goes for Jake Kilrain, without gloves. Dempsey, as alleged, says: "Kilrain is the biggest blowhard in the world, except his side partner on the other side, who has just about the same amount of gas. He and Mitchell make a fine team, and all this talking that they are doing now makes me sick at my stomach. They are a couple of hippodromers, and as for Kilrain, I've done more fighting in one day than he has done in all his life. Yet he has the gall to come over here and talk about being champion. It's the first time I ever heard of a champion who had never won a fight. Yes, he did lick Lannon, but that was with gloves, and the fight with Smith was a draw."

"Are you ready to fight Mitchell?"

"Ready? Well, I should say so. I'm ready to fight either him or Kilrain, the latter preferred, for any amount they may name. When Kilrain was here a short time ago I offered to fight him and covered his money, but he backed out. He said he didn't see how a middle-weight could fight a heavy-weight, and I told him right there that he was a stuff, and I could very soon show him."

"My opinion is that he is all talk—one of these exhibition fighters with big gloves—and Mitchell is the same. Let either of them put up their money in solid cash and they will see how quickly I will cover it."

"No, I don't believe the story that Kilrain and Mitchell are out, but I do not really know anything about their relations. They are both such big blowers that they ought to hang well together. As for the Killen challenge, I don't believe Kilrain would fight him."

After reading Dempsey's interview, a well-known ring-goer said: "Everyone is aware that Kilrain's battle with Lannon was with gloves, but how many of the champions at all weights during the ten years have fought without gloves? Few of the contests have been with bare knuckles. Sullivan has only fought twice with bare knuckles—with Ryan and Mitchell. Kilrain has only fought once with bare knuckles, while Dempsey's battles have all been with gloves, and he has had only one battle according to prize ring rules."

CHLOROFORMED HER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The residents of Troy, N. Y. were intensely excited over what at first was supposed to be the murder of Gracie Spencer, daughter of Wm. Spencer. Gracie is a pretty girl of thirteen years. On Saturday morning she went some distance away to pluck apples. She did not return. A searching party was organized. The woods, the ravine, a neighboring cemetery and the surrounding country were searched in vain. This afternoon her brother Willie, with Eddie Spencer and Charles Kerles, found her in a barn between Mr. Spencer's house and that of George Lovemore, a neighbor. The barn is owned by the Rev. Father Haverman. Gracie was in a hay mow, under three boards, with a pile of hay over her, but was still alive when rescued. The barn was securely locked when the boys went there. Her assailant had stifled her cries by chloroform.

MADE HIM TAKE WATER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Ed. Hospe, the wife of a well-known Bohemian, at Omaha, Neb., took umbrage at some action on the part of her husband a few days ago, and was about to give him a drubbing, when Ed, who had been there before, decided on a policy of retreat, which he at once put into execution. The partner of his joys and sorrows pursued him, and the nearest weapon being a bucket of water, she took that with her. To escape her wrath, Ed jumped on a passing street car and took a seat between two ladies. Nothing daunted, Mrs. Hospe followed him and emptied the contents of the bucket upon her triumphant spouse and the two ladies, for which she was arrested. Her hubby protested, and for his efforts in the behalf of his wayward companion was also run in.

HER LAST QUADRILLE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The craze for slender waists found a victim Saturday night at Detroit, Mich., in Miss Mary Crawford, who was attending a dance. In the midst of the quadrille she suddenly cried out and fell, but was caught by her partner, who carried her to a lounge, where she seemingly fainted. It was found impossible to resuscitate her, and a physician was summoned, who pronounced the young lady dead. An examination revealed the fact that she had died from tight lacing, the stays in her corsets having been drawn so tightly that her fish lay in folds beneath, so that the exertion of dancing caused the bursting of a blood vessel. Miss Crawford was to have been married to-day, and her betrothed is completely prostrated.

ONLY 25 CENTS FOR THE PAIR.

Don't fail to send for the Elegant Colored Portraits of Cleveland and Thurman or Harrison and Morton. Only 25 cents for the pair.

LONG MAY HE LIVE.

WARSAW, Va., Sept. 13, '88.

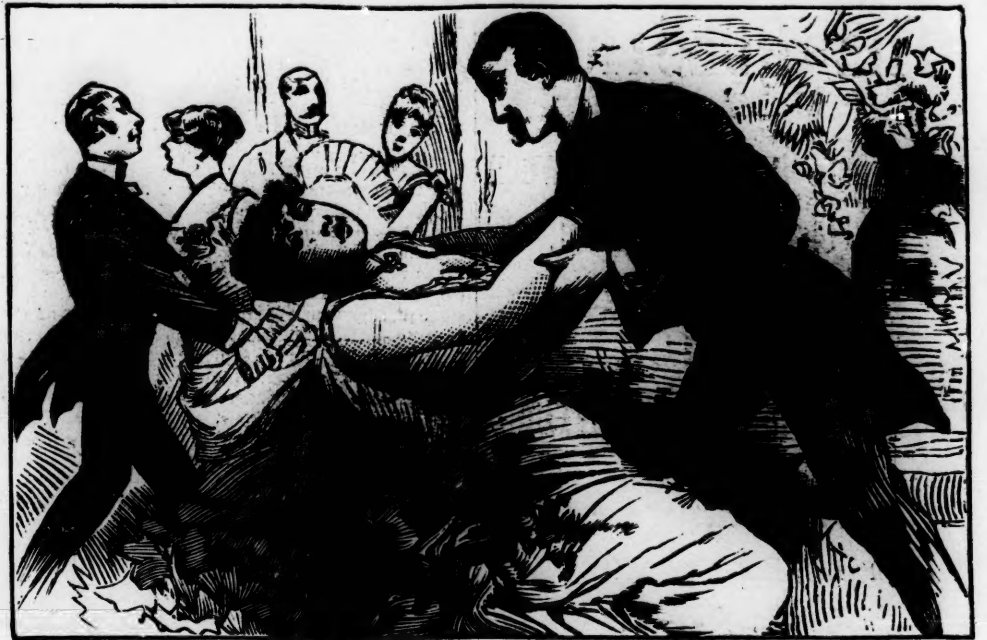
Your paper affords me great entertainment, especially the articles commending the valorous knight of the ring, Jake Kilrain. Long may he live to wield knock-out blows to all those who dispute his clearly established title to the championship.

S. N. SHELTON.



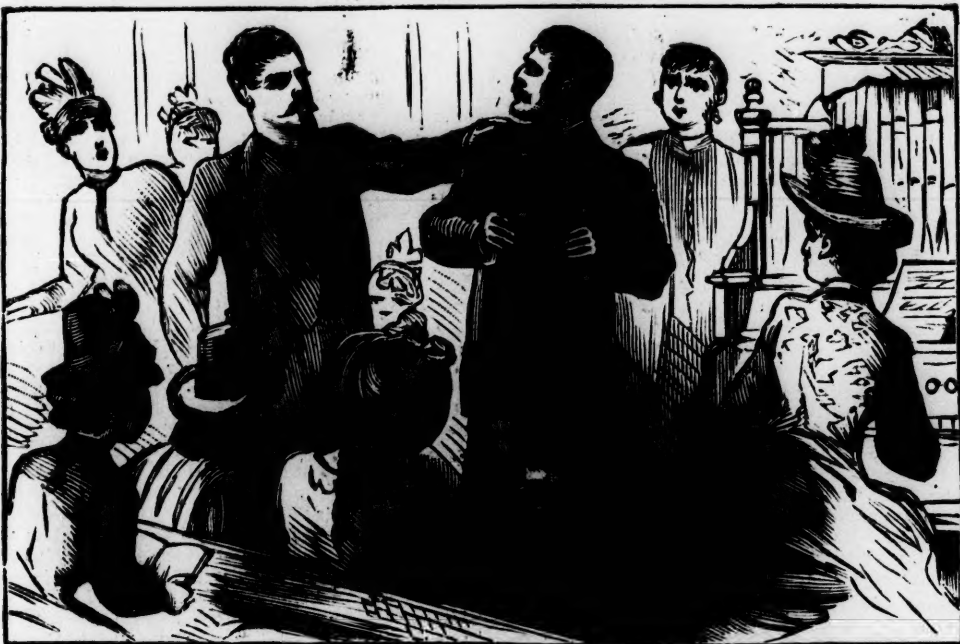
SHE WAS A TOUGH ONE.

SHERIFF TAYLOR WHILE TAKING A CRAZY WOMAN TO THE ASYLUM GETS BADLY WORSTED BY HIS PATIENT AT KIRKNEY, NEB.



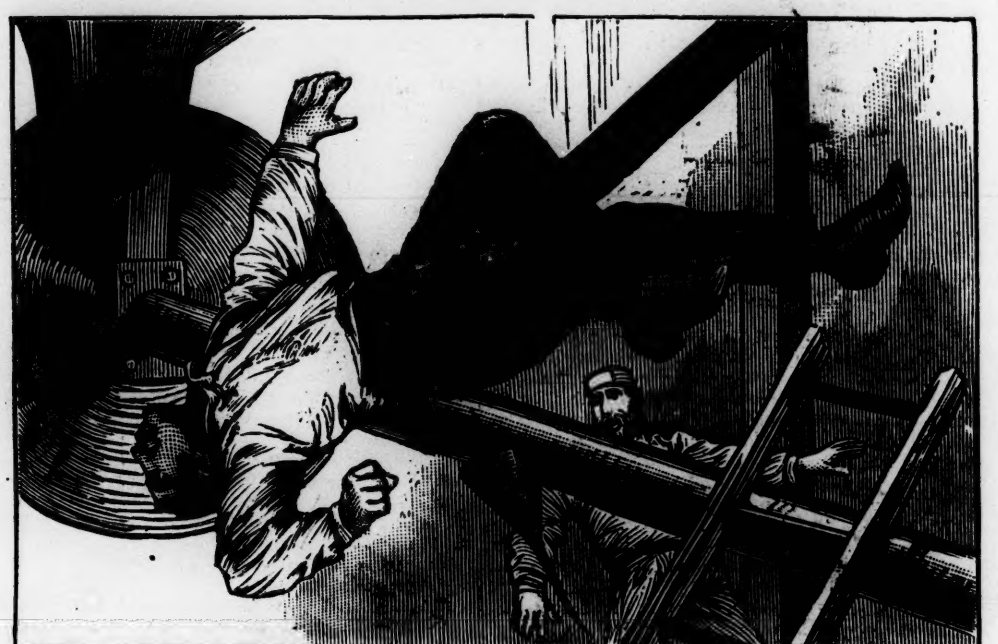
HER LAST QUADRILLE.

THE BURSTING OF AN ARTERY DUE TO TIGHT LACING CAUSES THE DEATH OF MISS MARY CRAWFORD OF DETROIT, MICH.



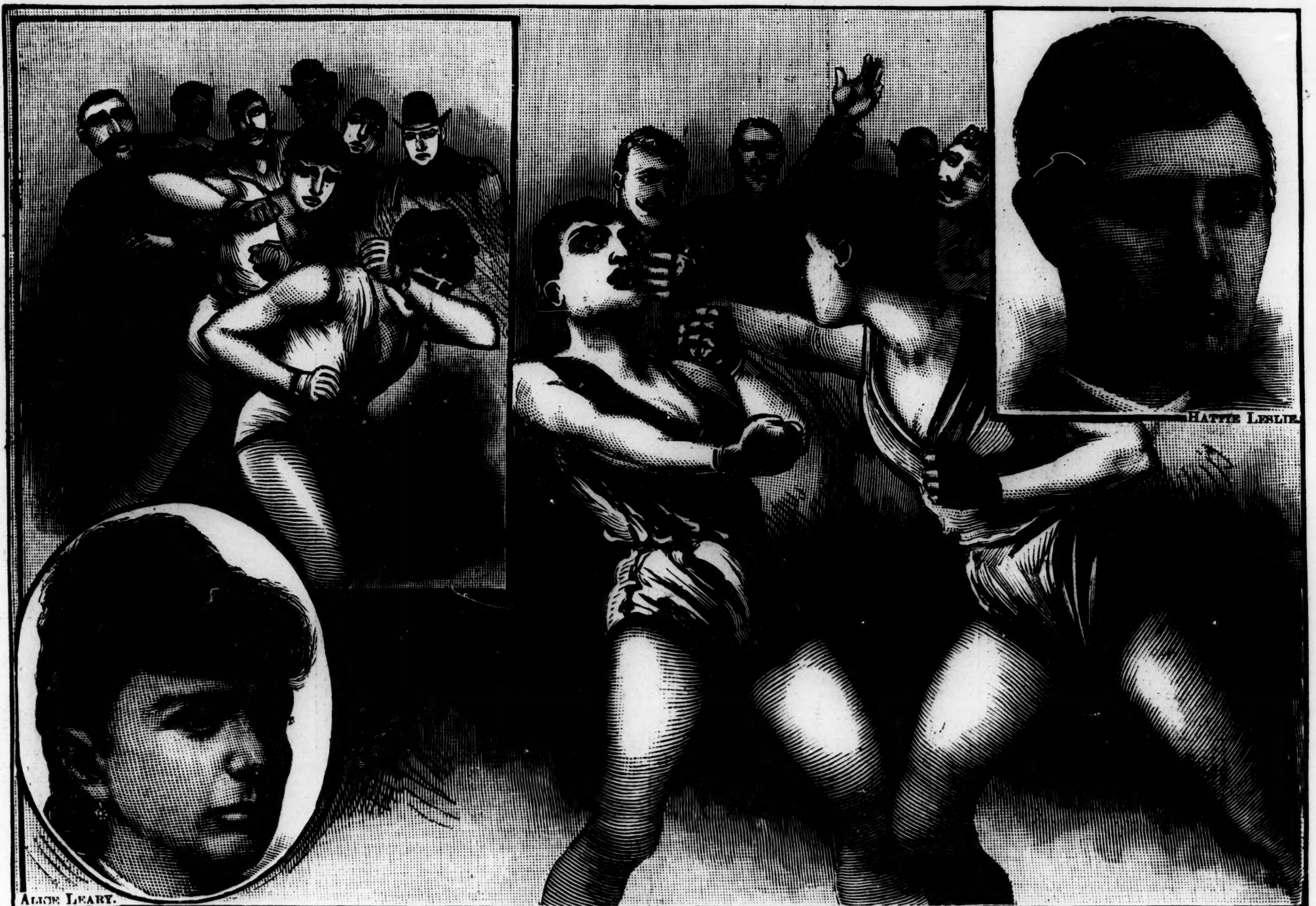
A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

JOHN T. WILLIAMSON, A BIBLE CLASS LEADER AT PATERSON, N. J., IS ARRESTED IN SUNDAY SCHOOL CHARGED WITH BEING A THIEF.



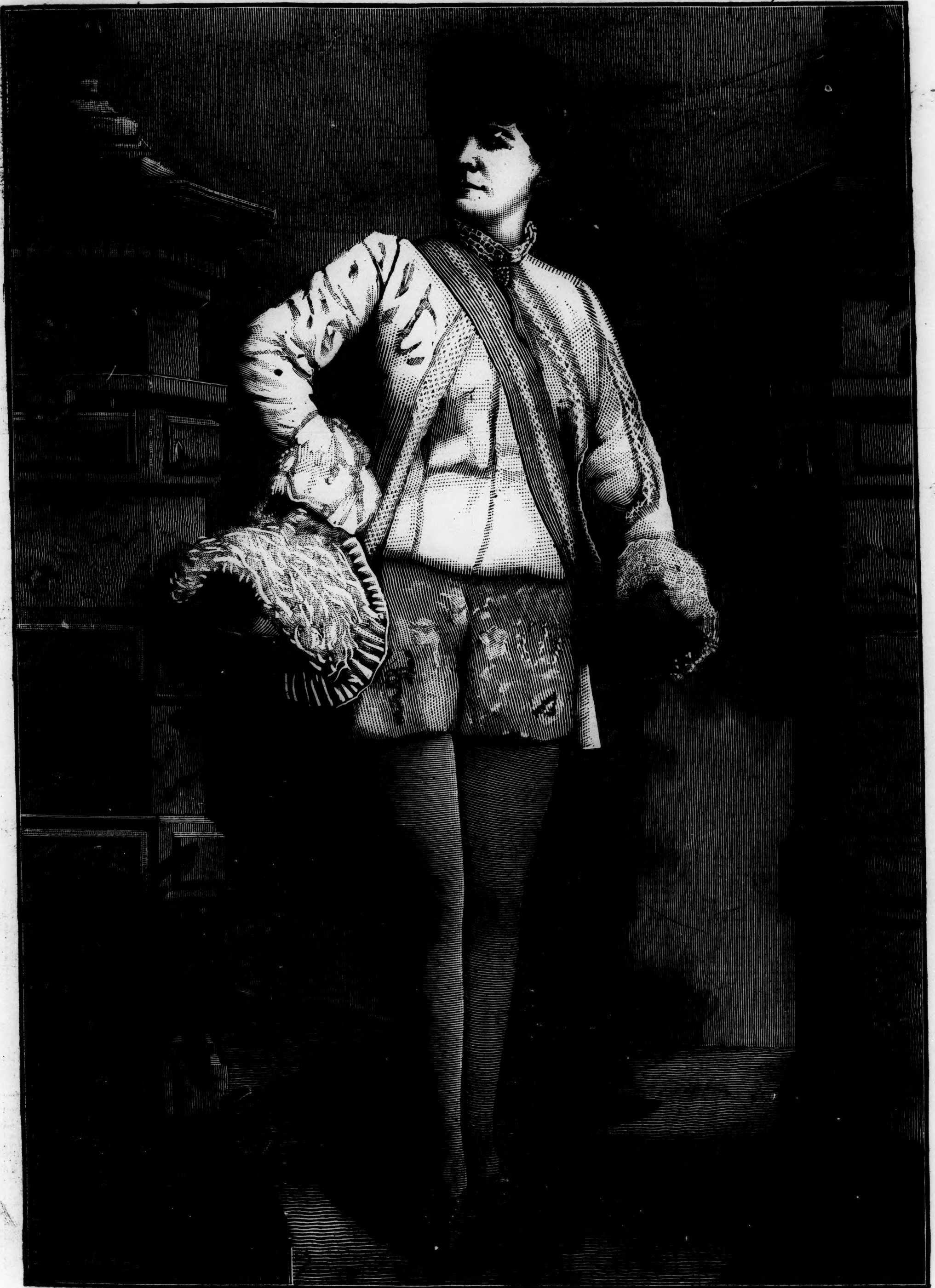
CRUSHED HIS HEAD.

JAMES HINES IS CAUGHT IN A SHAFT IN THE HOLYOKE, MASS., PAPER COMPANY'S SHOP AND SUFFERS A TERRIBLE DEATH.



WOMEN TOUGHS IN THE RING.

HATTIE LESLIE AND ALICE LEARY FIGHT TO A FINISH NEAR BUFFALO N. Y., FOR A PURSE OF \$250.



BERTHA RICCI,

THE GRACEFUL AND TALENTED IMPERSONATOR OF "LITTLE DUKE" AND "FALKA," NOW A MEMBER OF ONE
OF MR. ARONSON'S COMPANIES,

PUGILISTIC.

Allen and Keating Fight to a Draw—Lannon Knocks out Glynn.

OTHER RATTLING MILLS.

Charley Mitchell will sail for America the last week in October.

Johnny Reagan writes that he does not want to arrange any match with Sailor Brown, but he does want to box Jack Dempsey ten rounds.

Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, and Johnny Murphy, Kilrain's pr. toge, have been matched to box 10 rounds. Frank Stevenson is looking for a place for the mill.

The glove contest between Prof. Donovan and Jack Dempsey is a fixture for next month. It will attract a large crowd and be a contest well worth witnessing.

We have received a letter from Tom Lees, in which he requests us to deny the report that he was afraid to fight Jim Carroll. He says: "I will fight him any way he likes for a purse, but not for nothing; that don't suit."

A special to the "Sun," Sept. 22, in regard to Sullivan, says: "So general is the public interest in his welfare that bulletins as to his condition are sent to the city every few hours. Flying heliograph at Crescent Beach, the big fellow is more of a conqueror than if he had been able to face Kilrain and the whole world of pugilists."

It is quite probable that a match will be arranged between Harry Gilmore, of Toronto, and Tommy Danforth, of New York, at Boston. Danforth was instructed by his backer, Steve Sullivan, of New York, to negotiate with the Toronto man, and Danforth has forwarded a communication to the effect that he would meet Gilmore for \$250 a side, providing the latter will come down to 124 pounds and weigh that at the ring side.

The "Police Gazette" correspondent at Washington writes that Billy McMillan has posted \$50 to fight Paddy Duffy, the Boston light-weight, to a finish, under Marquis of Queensberry rules, for a purse of \$5,000. Duffy is to be given until Saturday to post a like amount with the "Globe in Boston. If he does so, the terms of the match will be agreed upon immediately. McMillan is the young Englishman who recently defeated Pete Lally, of Baltimore, in a bloody contest.

Mrs. Hattie Leslie and a woman of Bradford, Pa., Miss Alice Leary, fought 7 sharp rounds of a prize fight on Navy Island, Niagara river, near Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 16. Both women are familiar in boxing circles and both have appeared in the local variety theatres. The fight was awarded to Mrs. Leslie, who was more than a match for Miss Leary, though the latter was not severely punished. The stakes, a purse of \$250, was given to the winner. Driving kids, lined with a thin coating of flannel, were used; the ends of the fingers and thumbs were clipped, and the cording was taken out to avoid cutting the faces of the fighters.

The New York "Daily News," Sept. 19, publishes the following: "Richard K. Fox, the backer of Jake Kilrain, after making a tour through Germany, Spain and Turkey, has returned to Paris. He will visit Rome and then proceed to London, and leave for home the first week in October. In regard to the proposed match between Sullivan and Kilrain, Richard K. Fox says that his \$5,000 deposited in the office of the Paris edition of the New York Herald will be allowed to remain until Sept. 30. If it is not covered by a similar amount in the New York Clipper, then he shall claim the title of champion of the world for Kilrain."

Near this city, on September 17, Charlie McCarthy, of Jersey City, and Eugene Hornbacher, of Harlem, fought for the bantam championship, \$1,000 and a purse made up by the fifty who saw the fight. After twenty-one rounds had been fought, consuming an hour and twenty-three minutes, Hornbacher lost the fight on a foul. He threw McCarthy and struck him while the man was down. McCarthy had been steadily getting the best of the fight, had punished Hornbacher terribly, and the latter, seeing he had no chance of winning the battle, desperately seized and threw his man, striking him twice below the belt after the fall.

A "Police Gazette" correspondent writes that there was a mill in Florence, Wis., on Sept. 10, between Patsy Darrington, champion feather-weight of Wisconsin, and Billy Louis, who claims the feather-weight championship of Indiana, Patsy being the winner in 8 rounds. Louis fought desperately, but was wanting in endurance and strength. The encounter took place at midnight in a coal kiln near the city. About 75 persons were present. Some betting on the outside was indulged in, the favorite being Louis up to the fourth round, when it was 2 to 1 in favor of Darrington. Barney Mullen acted as Patsy's backer and second. Jim O'Brien, a middle-weight of some note, seconded Billy Louis. After the fight a banquet was given at Mr. Watson's saloon. Eli Chilletie, a popular young sporting man of this place and owner of the locally noted fighting dog Buckskin, refereed the fight.

At Woburn, Mass., on Sept. 18, a 10-round sparring match between Mike Dyer, of Boston, and Tom McCarthy, of Woburn, took place. James Malone was referee, while Messrs. Sweeney and O'Rourke were seconds for McCarthy, and young Kerrigan and Mr. McManus performed the same offices for Dyer. Ike Weir was timekeeper for Dyer and T. J. Murphy for McCarthy. Six-ounce gloves were used. Dyer showed up slightly lame, otherwise he was in good condition. The exhibition was decidedly tame, save the seventh and eighth rounds. In the seventh McCarthy got the first knock-down. Dyer got in two blows on the boy's face, but he received severe punishment on the neck and stomach. Dyer was far the best man in the round. In the eighth McCarthy forced his man, and kept him in his corner much of the time, but neither got an advantage. At the end of the tenth round the affair was declared a draw.

The long-pending match between Jack Splan, the champion boxer of Hoboken, N. J., and Jim McCormick, better known as "Ginger" McCormick, of Jersey City, the light-weight champion of New Jersey, has been arranged. The men and their backers met at a well-known resort in Jersey City on Sept. 21, posted \$250 a side and signed articles for a glove contest at catch weights according to "Police Gazette" rules for \$500 a side. The affair is to be decided the first week in November, within 100 miles of New York. A well-known sporting man is final stakeholder, and he is to select the battle ground and also appoint a referee, or fill the position of one. Both pugilists are well known in pugilistic circles in New Jersey, and the match promises to create no little interest. Only twelve men on each side are to be present, and the affair will be private. Splan is backed by a well-known sporting man of Hoboken, while a prominent sporting man and politician funds the money for McCormick.

Prof. Graves and Tom King, colored heavy-weight pugilists, fought to a finish at Colon, U. S. Colombia, Aug. 27, and Graves won in seven rounds. The battle was under London prize ring rules, and was fought with bare knuckles. Graves is the local champion. King, his opponent, claims to hail from Birmingham, England. The stakes were \$250 a side. Graves is 5 feet 6 inches in height, and weighed 170 pounds; King stands 5 feet 10 inches, and scaled 180 pounds. J. C. Bailey was chosen referee. The timekeepers were Herman Craner of Colon, Jeweler, and Charles Hayden, proprietor of the Casino Saloon. The fight was a rattler from the start, opening with a give and take scrap that lasted for a minute and a half, when they clinched and they both went down together, which ended the first round. The second round, like the first, was lively and hot, both men doing good and effective work, neither apparently caring where he got hit. This and the succeeding round were in King's favor. Graves rallied in the fourth round and stretched King out with a powerful blow under the left ear. Both men were winded dur-

ing the fifth round and little fighting was done, King going down ended the round. Graves came up fresh for the sixth round, while King looked blown and tired. Graves banged him with both hands until he dropped and ended the round. This round—the seventh and last—was the wickedest fought, and lasted through twenty minutes. King, though all used up, fought gamely and held out like a hero against Graves' onslaught, and took a terrible dose of punishment, until finally a left-hand swing, that landed full on his jaw, dropped him insensible and ended his misery. The fight was awarded Graves.

The San Francisco "Call" says: "As might have been expected, the recent Godfrey-Jackson fight has caused comment throughout the American sporting world, and the 'know-alls' in fighting business have been canvassed extensively for opinions, among others the widely-known Professor William Miller, the all-round sport manipulator. Miller, in speaking of Jackson to an Eastern sporting writer says: 'He has a remarkably clever left hand and a good right, but he is far from being a world-beater.' Miller's experience with Jackson, however, at Charlin's circus, four years ago, in Sydney, probably convinced him that Jackson was a Miller beater. If the writer's memory serves him right, Miller injured his hand at that time punching the atmosphere, and he departed for his home in Melbourne with the avowed intention of fighting Jackson 'in the sweet by and by' for \$2,500 a side. Jackson's forfeit was up, but Miller's 'never came.' Of course, the natural inference was that his injured wrist never recovered. In fact, to tell the truth, Miller has been the most unfortunate man in the world in his contests. He never wrestled or lifted weights, or in fact did anything for a wringer but either his ribs or his ankle or his wrist or his heart or something gave way and the contest had to be postponed indefinitely. This much, however, can be said for him—that he has lost very few contests. He does not stay long enough with them to lose. He had one victory, and the probability is that it will last him a lifetime. That was when it took him three hours to fight a draw with Larry Foley, Jackson's tutor. Foley weighed 144 pounds and Miller a good deal over 200 pounds."

Lew C. Allen and Dick Keating fought at Lafayette, Ind., Sept. 17 for a purse. Thomas Pierce, of Peru, was selected to act as referee; Howard Nicholson, of Crawfordsville, time-keeper for Keating, and Charles E. Reynolds' timekeeper for Allen. Keating was seconded by John Gallagher and Bert Scheller, the Kansas City wrestler. Here it will be appropriate to say that, no one accepted Mr. Scheller's challenge to wrestle him. He only wanted his opponent to keep his shoulders from the floor for fifteen minutes, and offered \$25 for the privilege, but no one seemed anxious to meet the superbly proportioned Kansas City gladiator. Allen was seconded by Dan L. H. Needham and the unknown from the Queen City. The fans, towels, sponges, French cognac and water grouped in the corners or suspended from the ropes were suggestive stage appointments. The battle was a desperate one while it lasted, and in the second round the fighting was terrific and Allen was fast weakening. While they were punching vigorously at each other the audience was little less than wild with excitement. The principals, near the end of the round, clinched near the center of the ring and were getting in some hard short-arm work when Officer McGrath stepped from the wing and ordered them to separate. He was followed on the stage by Marshal Cunningham, Lieutenant Binard, and Officers Fraser and Foreman. This unexpected turn complicated matters. The audience got wilder, and Needham added to the turmoil by saying he was ready to meet Gallagher at any time and place. Gallagher drew back his arm as if to strike him, and the indications were that there would be another fight. But Gallagher controlled himself and no blows were passed. Keating and Allen were placed under arrest and Marshal Cunningham took possession of the gloves. Referee Pierce then stepped to the footlights and declared Keating the winner. Keating and Allen were arraigned before Noah Justice, mayor pro tem, to answer the charge of affray. Each were bound over in the sum of \$100 to appear. Needham was also arrested on a charge of provoke and Gallagher on a charge of attempted assault. Each gave bond in the sum of \$25 to appear. The decision of the referee was a little previous, for when the authorities stopped the battle it was a draw.

The glove fight between Joe Lannon and Jim Glynn was decided in the South End, Boston, on Sept. 17. James Colville had been chosen to act as referee. Shortly after 10 o'clock Lannon stepped inside the roped arena and was received as only favorites are. He was attired in a pair of white knee-breeches, and was attended by his brother Jim. Glynn was on his heels, and, like Joe, was well received. He wore a pair of blue tights, and was seconded by Denny Kelleher, of Quincy, and Charley Lewis, the old-time Providence boxer. B. H. Benton was time-keeper for Glynn, and Dan Murphy did the honors for Lannon. "Joe Lannon, of South Boston, and Jim Glynn, of Brooklyn," shouted Referee Colville, and simultaneously the big fellows stepped to the center. As both men stood up a fair comparison could be obtained of their build. Lannon looked a modern Hercules, weighed 185 pounds and was in fine condition. Glynn was too small to depend on his strength in the approaching contest, and looked much more like a middle-weight, although a footer. At the call of time Glynn played around his opponent, who moved around as though on a pivot, and launched his right with varied success. Lannon tried with his left fully half a dozen times during the first round for the Brooklyn man's abdominal region, but was cleverly stopped on each invitation. After making several ineffectual attempts to get inside the big man's defense, Glynn succeeded in placing his right lightly on Joe's face. The round closed with Lannon in Glynn's corner, and both men doing light fighting. Lannon lost no time in the second and at once let go his left which was cleverly stopped. His right, which was clean from the shoulder, found a resting place on Glynn's nose, and sent the latter down in a sitting posture. First blood was claimed and allowed for the Peninsular man. Lannon, with a rush, again sent out his left, which failed to land. Glynn countered on Joe's chin and received a round of applause in recognition of his first effective blow. Glynn, flushed with success planted right and left on Joe's body and received a crashing left from Joe, which brought the blood freely. The round ended in a clinch. As in the previous rounds Lannon again opened hostilities with that wicked left, which was placed with force on Glynn's nose. A terrible right-hand blow on the same spot followed, and the Brooklyn man looked a bit groggy. Lannon failed to follow up his advantage, and both retired to the center of the ring. Glynn now led with his right, which fell far short of the mark, and by way of return call, Lannon placed both hands on the Brooklyn man's face in a forcible manner. Several times during this round Lannon forced his man, who clinched to avoid punishment. The round closed with light sparring. In the fourth round the South Boston lad was puffed a bit from his previous exertions. He dashed at his man with the full intent of getting home one of his tremendous left-handers, but Glynn countered with the same hand. Joe then rushed his man into his corner and rained blows on his rival, who did the cleverest stopping that has been seen for many a day. Out of the five terrific blows that Lannon made not one reached the mark, and to stop the mad onslaught Glynn embraced the big fellow, and time was called. In the fifth round, which was destined to be the final, Glynn gave the lie to those who questioned his game-ness. He stands up to his work like a "good un" when in close quarters, but his play was to keep away. Joe stuck to him, nevertheless, and notwithstanding the fact that he got several jabs in the face, followed him up and brought that left to bear on his ribs several times. Glynn showed signs of weakness, but made one more ineffectual attempt to reach Joe's noddle, but here he met his Waterloo. Joe darted a straight left hander thrust into Glynn's face as he came on, which sent the latter staggering into his corner. Lannon then brought his right into play with full force on Glynn's neck, and down went the Brooklyn man in his corner, where he remained in a perfectly passive condition for about 15 seconds. When he regained his feet he said: "Was I knocked out?" At this juncture Lannon walked over and shook hands with his rival, who, he said, was a good man. The decision was, of course, in Lannon's favor, and \$500 of the \$750 purse went to South Boston. Glynn, although badly handicapped in weight, proved himself a game man and fairly clever in resisting the wicked attacks of his burly opponent.

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SPORTING.

Guy Wins the Stakes For the Three-Minute Class at Mor-risania.

ATHLETIC FALL GAMES.

The Golden Gate Athletic Club will give their annual games on Oct. 28 at San Francisco.

Peter Jackson and Geo. Godfrey have signed to give exhibitions through the East, and left San Francisco Sept. 7.

Kansas claims to have the fastest two-year-old pacer in the world, George Whiz spinning off a half mile in 1:12 recently.

Barney McConville, of Great Falls, M. T., recently put up a "push bar" from a locomotive ten times overhead, with either hand steady.

Last season Patron was acknowledged to be the king of the trotting turf. This year Prince Wilkes holds that title, having beaten all competitors.

At Louisville, on Sept. 19, the St. Leger was run, and was won by Barney Treney's Long Chance, with Ed. Corrigan's J. B. Clay second and Collins' Frankfort third.

A 12 hour a day go-as-you-please race takes place at Troy, N. Y., commencing October 8, ending October 13, for five cash prizes, total amount \$725. Several of the best men have entered.

The Pacific Coast Amateur Athletic Association will give their championship games on November 29. The membership of this association consists of representatives from six clubs on the coast.

The thirteenth annual championship games of the National Association of Amateur Athletes of America will be held on the Manhattan Athletic Club grounds, Eighty-sixth street and Eighth avenue, Oct. 6.

At Louisville, on Sept. 19, Jim Williams' bay colt, Tom Hood, furnished the surprise of the season. He won the second race, 6 furlongs, in the record time of 1:13. Hood carried 115 pounds and he simply galloped in.

Up to Sept. 18 Jockey Barnes is ahead on jockeys' winning mounts. He has had 459 mounts, lost 322 and won 137. Covington has won 87, and holds second position to Barnes. George Taylor is a close third to G. Covington.

Prof. Harry Umlah offers a purse of \$800 to any heavy-weight pugilist who will tackle his unknown in a glove contest, according to "Police Gazette" rules. This is a good opportunity for Glynn, Lannon, Smith, O'Fallon, etc.

The double-scut race, which took place on the Harlem river, this city, Sept. 17, between the Metropolitan and the Nonpareils, for two silver cups, was won by the latter by half a boat's length. The distance was one mile and a half.

The Latonia Jockey Club made an attempt to arrange a race between the two cracks, Proctor Knott and Galen, but failed. A special purse of \$5,000 was offered, but Sam Bryant said he had turned his horse out and would not run him again this year.

At Worcester, on Sept. 20, Harry B. G. Odell of the Lakeside Boat Club won the club championship in single sculls, over the mile and a half course, defeating L. G. Bigelow. A. S. Putnam was referee. He won in 11 minutes 23 seconds by nearly four lengths.

At Cincinnati, Sept. 19, in the long-distance throwing match, for the prize money of \$100 offered by the Cincinnati Club and the Enquirer diamond locket, Harry Vaughan's record was broken by Stovey of the Athletics. He threw the ball 369 feet 2 inches. Tebeau tried to beat it, but only reached 353 feet.

The N. Y. "Daily News" says: "The California Athletic Club has taken advantage of the tilt between Jack Dempsey and the champion and they offer to allow both pugilists expenses to San Francisco and put up a purse of \$5,000 for them to battle for. What action Kilrain and Dempsey will take in the matter the future will develop."

Arrangements have not yet been completed regarding the proposed match race between the centreboard schooners Grayling and Sachem. It is pretty well decided, however, that it will take place the latter part of this month, either from Sandy Hook lightship 20 miles to windward or leeward and return, or over a course to be decided upon by the Sachem's owner.

A glove contest has been arranged at Birmingham, Ala., between Frank McHugh and Sol Robinson, well-known pugilists. The agreement states that they shall meet during the next four weeks within 150 miles of Birmingham for a purse of \$500—\$250 a side, the net gate receipts and the bantam-weight championship of the world. The contest is to be in a 24-foot ring, with two ounce gloves.

Matsuda Sorakichi and H. M. Dufur were led a mixed match at Lowell, Mass., on Sept. 13. The conditions were best two in three falls, collar-and-elbow, catch-as-catch-can and Greco-Roman styles. The first bout was catch-as-catch-can, which Matsuda won in one minute. The second bout, at collar-and-elbow, was won by Dufur in fifteen minutes. The third bout was won by Matsuda in twenty minutes, which decided the contest. A large crowd was present, and the Jap was loudly applauded.

The N. Y. "Daily News," Sept. 23, says: "O'Connor, the Canadian oarsman, still claims he is the champion oarsman of America, and he has written to K. K. Fox that he should be handed over the 'Police Gazette' challenge cup, the rowing cup which represents the single-scutt championship of America. Teemer won the trophy when he defeated Jack Gaudaur, and since then the McKeeport oarsman has been ready to row all comers for the trophy. According to the rules governing the trophy, Teemer still holds the fort, for no challenge nor any forfeit has been so far received at R. K. Fox's office from O'Connor to row Teemer for the trophy."

Letters for the following persons have been received at this office, and will be forwarded to the proper address on receipt of postage: Frank Arnheim (2), Frank Beyer, Francis J. Clark, Jack Connor, Arthur Chambers, F. A. Davenport, Jas. H. Eldridge, Timothy Fox (3), Chas. Folks, John Flood, J. W. Griffin, C. J. Gibson, Wm. Gore, John Hartnett (2), Fred Harmon, Geo. Harvey, Mr. Jackson, Fred W. Stone, H. Kittleman, Thom. Kolly, Jas. Leung, J. A. Lightfoot, Tobey Lyons, Chas. McKinney, Chas. Pens, Duncan C. Ross, Wallace Ross, F. D. Rogers (2), Joe. P. Ryan, Jacob Schaffer, Abe Spitz, C. W. Terwilliger, Frank Vanness, H. C. Williamson (3).

The next great international six-day go-as-you-please race for the championship of the world will take place at Madison Square Garden, this city, in November during Thanksgiving week. It will be managed by Billy O'Brien, who so successfully managed the last race, which George Littlewood won. All the prominent pedestrians in England and America will start, also Charley Rowell, who will be under the management of Jake Kilrain and the sporting editor of this paper, whose colors he will probably carry to victory. Littlewood will also enter, also James Albert and Herby of Boston, hence there will be a great race, and the winner will carry away a big sum.

On Sept. 18 fifteen bookmakers, all members of the Western Bookmakers' Association, arrived at Louisville, Ky., from Chicago, and with their strong boxes and blackboards went out to Churchill Downs in the afternoon. The Jockey Club asked \$10,000 for the meeting for the book privileges, but the Western Association bookmakers were willing to pay but \$2,000 for the stand. The club and the association could not come to terms, and the bookmakers, nothing daunted, came on here expecting at the last moment that Col. Clark's nerve would fail and that they could then get the book privileges at their own figures. Col. Clark is the first jockey club official to resist the dictation

of the "bookies" trust, and he made arrangements for the club to run the privileges without selling them out as a whole. Bourlier & Co. were given the auction pools and Eugene Eppod was given charge of the mutual machines, which were set up at one end of the betting ring. Fourteen bookmakers rented stands. Some of them were members of the Western Bookmakers' Association, but were acting independently of that body. Among those who came here yesterday morning for the purpose of going on were P. A. Brady, Riley, Wolf, Shepherd & Co., Frederick & Co., Boteau & Co., Applegate & Co., and other prominent bookmakers. Early after arrival the bookmakers waited upon Col. Clark, but he refused to be bulldozed and stuck to his original figures. Failing here, the bookmakers went into the betting ring and succeeded in bulldozing some of the paddockers by saying that the Western Association had secured the privileges at Latonia, Memphis and Nashville, and if the bookmakers persist in opening books here they would be treated as rats and would be shut out by the association at the succeeding meetings. These threats prevented seven of the bookmakers from opening up. As it was there were seven books handling money, and consequently they did a rushing business. Col. Clark thinks he would be justified in pushing the fight against the Western Association of Bookmakers and in giving them a dose of their own medicine. The Louisville Jockey Club is a member of the Turf Congress, and one of the rules expressly stipulates that any boycott or conspiracy against any member shall be resented by all the clubs forming the congress. If Col. Clark can prove that the Western bookmakers yesterday intimidated any paddockers into refusing to go into the betting ring, he can have them ruled from all tracks controlled by clubs in the Turf Congress.

At Fleetwood Park, Morrisania, N. Y., on Sept. 19, Guy won the Morrisania stake of \$5,000 for the three-minute class. Twelve of the thirteen nominations appeared when the race was called shortly after 1 o'clock. In the pool Golden Rod was the favorite, with Guy selling for second place. After a few scores Guy settled down to a trot and was sent off about six lengths in the rear, with Sylvie at the pole. Elastic Starch shot to the front, but Guy was moving rapidly on the leaders, and at the three-quarter pole was in third place. Half way up the backstretch the black gelding showed in the lead, and after that he had no trouble in securing the heat. Cleon was close up at the finish. As it was evidently Guy's day, he was at once made the favorite at \$40 to \$50 against the field. Fred Polger and David Jones both finished behind the flag in the first heat. In the second Guy got away well and led from wire to wire, with Cleon the only one near him in any part of the mile. It was \$25 to \$7 on Guy before the third heat, and he won the heat and the big stake as he pleased, being pulled to a jog up the home stretch. Cleon was second for the third time, getting the next share of the money. Golden Rod won third place. Time, 2:23 1/2, 2:20 1/2, 2:23 1/2.

A large crowd of people witnessed the twentieth annual fall games of the New York Athletic Club at Traver's Island on Sept. 22. The officers of the day were: Referee, W. B. Curtis; starter, George Goldie; announcer, F. W. Burns; judges, Otto Sarony, J. H. Booth and E. Pinckney.

The 100 yards run was won by A. F. Copeland in 10 5/8 seconds. The 1-mile run was won by G. G. Gilbert in 5 minutes 10 1/2 seconds. The running broad jump was won by A. F. Copeland, making a jump of 22 feet 3/4 inch. The 120-yards hurdle race was won by A. F. Copeland in 17 3/8 seconds. The 880-yards run was won by T. P. Connel in 2 minutes 5 seconds.

In putting the 16 pound shot Gray broke the American record of 43 feet 11 inches by a throw of 44 feet 8 inches.

The 440-yards run was won by J. P. Thornton. The time was 1 minute 5 1/2 seconds. The pole vaulting was won by L. D. Goodshall with a vault of 10 feet. The 220-yards run was won by Fred Westing. Time, 23 4/5 seconds. W. L. Gordon threw the 56-pound weight 26 feet 4 1/2 inches, and won. The running high jump was won by Malcolm W. Ford with a jump of 5 feet 10 inches. In the 5-mile run Connel won. Time, 27 minutes 4 1/2 seconds.

The annual regatta of the club was rowed over the usual course, all events being 1 mile straightaway.

The junior single was won by M. J. Austin by a length.

The eight-oared shells handicap was won by the Rathborne crew. The senior singles for the club championship was won by C. P. Paotta, the amateur champion of the United States, in 7 minutes 10 seconds.

The pair-oared gig was won by the Phillips crew. Time, 7:55 1/4. In the double sculls McDougall and Austin won. No time was taken.

The pair-oared shell was won by the Cremas crew by 2 lengths.

George Fulljames, the well-known ex-light-weight champion of Canada, was fatally injured in a glove fight with a middle-weight at Grand Forks, Dak., Sept. 22. A special says:

As soon as they had shaken hands the unknown struck Fulljames a terrific blow on the left temple, which sent him to the floor. He soon recovered, and, staggering to his feet, started to continue the fight. The fighting became furious, Fulljames' face being battered in the most horrible manner. The unknown, who was a powerful fellow, finally landed a blow over Fulljames' heart. The famous pugilist reeled and then fell, white and rigid, upon the floor. Men who examined him declared that he was pulseless. The crowd, now thoroughly alarmed, fled from the building, leaving the pugilist where he fell. At 7 o'clock in the morning a doctor, who had been asked to visit the barn, found Fulljames in a dying condition. He had vomited blood, and his heart was beating feebly. He never regained consciousness, and at 8 o'clock in the afternoon he died. The police did not learn of the tragedy until last evening, when they arrested a man named Barrett. The prisoner declared his innocence, and said he knew nothing of the fight. This afternoon, while the police were down town, somebody broke the lock of the station house door and allowed Barrett and several other prisoners to escape. Diligent search has failed to find Barrett, and it is believed that he is the man who killed Fulljames. A coroner's inquest was held last night, but there was great trouble in securing witnesses. The dead body of the pugilist has been confined, and will be buried here unless relatives or friends claim it. Fulljames had a great record as a pugilist, he having taught many of the best men in the East and in Canada.

In June, 1884, Maud S, the "Queen of the Turf," trotted a mile on the Fleetwood track in 2 minutes 13 1/2 seconds. It was at a time when Maud was smashing records right and left. Since then, up to yesterday, the attempts to beat that record for the track have been futile. The New York Driving Club had offered purses in vain, and Mr. Bonner never allowed Maud to try to do better, believing that 2:13 1/2 was a good enough call until the mare's peer on the same uneven course should be found. The peer was found on Sept. 22. Guy is his name, and he hails from St. Louis. His owner, W. J. Gordon, has had him for two years, but never made any money out of him until this season. Guy is a beautiful black gelding, whose movements are as graceful as they are effective in getting over ground. Jack Splan showed up with a running horse belonging to J. E. Houston to make the pace. Guy made the first quarter in 31 1/2 and the half in 1:04. Then came a rub. The hill that leads from the half to beyond the three-quarter post had to be mounted. "He can't do it!" said the old stagers, and when the noble Guy allowed 1 minute 39 1/2 seconds to elapse before he reached the third mark in the journey, the men who had wagered \$100 against \$20—these were the odds before the event—that 2:13 1/2 would not be beaten felt confident that their money was safely placed. But look at the horse! Never a swerve nor a break does he show. On, on he flies, without a let up in his speed. Easy is his stride and lightning-like his pace. The ascent in the path seems as nothing. Faster and faster go his feet as the end draws near, and in the last hundred yards of the mile the animal moves as no other trotter did before. That burst of speed made it plain to everybody that a new record for a trot track has been made. Under the wire the horse has gone, and now the judges hang out the time—2:12 3/4—a second better than that made by Queen Maud. Cheer upon cheer rent the air. Handkerchiefs are waved and hats are thrown. "Guy, Guy, the King," is the shout, and Guy comes happily back before the throng, shaking his head and tossing his mane, as though he would say: "Old I can beat that some other day." Sanders goes up in the judge's stand and is applauded until he has to bow his acknowledgments time and time again. And thus ends the biggest trotting event of the year.

PORTRAITS OF CANDIDATES.

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REFEREE.

John Teemer's Squabble With William O'Connor in Reference to the Single-Scull Championship of America.

THE GIST OF THE MATTER.

I have been amused in reading the single-scull championship squabble between John Teemer, of McKeesport, Pa., the single-scull champion of America, and Wm. O'Connor, of Toronto, who claims that he won the title, simply because John Teemer did not cover the money he posted with the Boston Herald. It is a well-known fact that a champion must defend his title against all comers and accept all bona fide challenges, and if he fails to carry out this programme then the challenger assumes the title.

But in the Teemer-O'Connor controversy there is a different aspect of the affair. Teemer need not have replied to the challenge of O'Connor in the Boston Herald, although the challenge was accompanied by a deposit and O'Connor was ready to row for the championship. Many will wonder at this, and say what is the reason that Teemer does not forfeit the single-scull championship when he fails to accept a challenge to row for the title and puts up a forfeit. We do not.

John Teemer holds the "Police Gazette" challenge rowing cup, which is the emblem of the single-scull championship of America. Teemer contended for this trophy, which was put up to represent the single-scull championship just the same as belts and trophies representing any other championship. Teemer won the trophy by defeating Jake Gaudaur just the same as Jack Dempsey won the middle-weight championship belt by defeating George LeBlanc. Any oarsman aspiring to row Teemer for the single-scull championship, no matter whether he hails from England, Australia or Canada, must challenge him to row for the trophy and the single-scull championship, and conform with the rules governing the trophy at the option of the holder.

The Canadian oarsman failed to do so. He posted a forfeit, it is true, with the Boston Herald, but he might just as well have sent his forfeit to the Boston Herald newspaper at Sydney, N. S. W., as far as the single-scull championship is concerned, for he could not gain the title unless Teemer was willing to make him a present of the premiership. Therefore, all the buncombe and all the bluster made about Teemer having forfeited the single-scull championship is buncombe.

If Rogers, O'Connor's backer, had sent a forfeit to the POLICE GAZETTE and issued a challenge to row John Teemer for the "Police Gazette" challenge cup and the single-scull championship, and Teemer had not accepted the challenge, then O'Connor, the Canadian, would have been declared the single-scull champion of America.

John Teemer first won the single-scull championship of America from Edward Hanlan at Pleasant Island, N. Y., on October 18, 1885, but lost it to J. G. Gaudaur at Pullman, Ill., in June, 1886. Hanlan won it again from Gaudaur on July 27, 1887, and Teemer took it again from Hanlan on Toronto Bay, August 18, 1887. He again successfully defended his right to the title against Gaudaur at Lake Maranacook, Me., on October 28, 1887, for the "Police Gazette" challenge cup and \$5,000. Hanlan thinks that O'Connor's head has been swollen by his defeat of Gaudaur at Sturgeon Point Lake, Ontario. He then won by three boats' lengths in 19 minutes 43 seconds, but was frothing at the mouth and perspiring profusely, a fact that Hanlan says was not made public at the time, though reported to him.

Since the above was written I received a communication from Teemer, in which he states that he has completed arrangements for another contest for the American championship, to be rowed at Silver Lake, N. Y. This time he meets a new man, William O'Connor, the great Canadian oarsman. "Here are copies of the dispatches," said Teemer. These indicate that the race was the one for which articles of agreement were drawn some time ago. James Keenan, of Boston, was to have been Teemer's backer, but when the second deposit was to have been made Keenan failed to respond.

Teemer, with Albert Hamm, was at Long Point, Chautauque Lake, in training, and endeavored to have O'Connor postpone the contest to October 4, but he refused to do so, claiming that if Teemer did not row the race he forfeited the championship. J. A. St. John, of Boston, came to the rescue, putting up the necessary \$1,000, and after much telegraphing the preparations were completed. The conditions will be the same as at first agreed upon—three miles with a turn, for \$5,000, the "Police Gazette" cup, and single-scull championship of America.

P. Jay, in the N. Y. "World," Sept. 16, says: "Jake dropped a remark in my hearing a few nights ago that caused me to do a lot of thinking. He said, 'I do not know that Mitchell and I will be friends when he gets here.' The quoted words were the tail-enders of an argument advanced by Jake in regard to the Dempsey Mitchell affair. Now, I wonder why Jake does not know if he and Charlie will not remain friendly, or whether there has been a breach in their cordial relations. I wonder, too, if a breach occurred in England which partly or wholly caused Jake to remain abroad. It does seem strange that Jake would make such a remark without any foundation, and I am rather at a loss to account for it. Can it be that Jake's reply to Dempsey, when asked to explain the draw with Smith, 'Well, I won't tell you,' and his failure to know whether he and Mitchell will be friends hereafter, have any connection. I wish Jake would explain the matter."

On reading the above, if I had been struck with a steam hammer I could not have been more surprised, and, without any delay, procured a copy of the "World," marked the paragraph and, with a hasty note, at once sent it to Jake Kilrain, at Jas. Moore's sporting house, the "Police Gazette," New Bedford, asking the champion if the facts printed were true. On Sept. 16, the day after the publication, I received a pink envelope with a New Bedford post mark, in the handwriting of Kilrain.

This is what the letter contained: "I never made such remarks as the 'World' published. Mitchell and myself never had a cross word or any trouble whatever, and I never expect to have. Mitchell would have accompanied me to this country only for the tangle he got into by that prize fight, and when he comes over in October I shall be the first to meet him. Mitchell's kindness to me I shall never forget, and when he is in this country or any other, I am at his back. It is not fair to print such stuff about a man merely to try and make trouble between Mitchell and myself, but you cannot control men's hands whether they use boxing gloves or pen and pencil."

The victory of Sam Bryant's Proctor Knott, the best two-year-old in the world, in my opinion, which that celebrated horse secured in the Futurity stakes, and which was so well illustrated in the POLICE GAZETTE as to receive praise on all sides, is still gossip in turf circles. I had watched Proctor Knott's successes with surprise long before he came East, and when he won the Junior Champion stakes at Monmouth I was not surprised, for I thought he would take the trick, barring turf uncertainties.

The only drawback I could see was that Sam Bryant, his owner, being a poor man compared with the Withers, Haggins, Dwyers, Cassatt, and Baldwins, he would not have the luck to win the magnificent stake in question. After Proctor Knott won the Junior stakes I looked upon his victory in the Futurity stakes, worth \$25,000, as being certain. He captured both events, and Sam Bryant's winnings—that is, the stakes—netted Bryant \$70,355, not speaking of the amount he won by betting on his horse.

Since Bryant's return to the West, he says: "I had a tough time of it in the East. I kept my own counsel and no one there knew my business, consequently when Knott won the Junior Champion stakes at Monmouth the smart people there all commenced inquiring about me, and wanted to know who that 'hayseed' was who had come there and beat them all. I gave it back to them just as good as they sent, and told them that for every fool in Kentucky there was five hundred in New York, and it's a fact, too."

"It was very funny the way they acted before that race was run. As I said, no one knew my business, and not a single man, except those in the stable, saw Knott work before the race, except on one or two occasions. He has got a most peculiar gait, and when he is loosing along you would think he was doing his level best. The two occasions in which he worked openly he was simply playing, and all the smart fellows thought he was breaking his neck. They had about fifty 'touts' at the track watching him, and every one of them telegraphed back that he wasn't worth \$5."

"When he won the Junior Champion everybody who knew anything thought he had a 'clinch' on the Futurity, and McLaughlin, Murphy, Garrison and the rest, who had all refused to ride him before, wanted to ride without pay. I knew it was the world against Bryant, and I had to watch my points. There never was a treasury vault guarded like that coat was. Every night two men slept in the stall with him, and one of them had a pistol and the other a hatchet. I gave them instructions to knock the first man's head off that stuck his nose in the stall, and they would have done it."

"I'll tell you one thing, which is certain. I have yet to see the man who runs race horses who don't want all the best of it if he can get it. If you show me any of them who are straight I'll show you gold mines right out there in the street. Another thing is that the rich ones are twice as bad as the little fellows, because they can do more. I won't sell Knott, for if I can get two out of ten stakes he's entered for next year it's more than he'd sell for."

Some of Proctor Knott's most valuable engagements for 1888 are as follows: Nashville, spring, in the Two Thousand, closed with thirty-seven entries; \$2,000 added; 1 1/4 miles. Louisville, spring, in the Clark stakes, eighty entries; \$1,500 added; 1 1/4 miles. The Kentucky Derby, ninety-four entries; 1 1/4 miles. Latonia, spring, in the Latonia Derby, seventy-seven entries; 1 1/4 miles, with \$2,000 added. The Hinder stakes, sixty-two entries; 1 1/4 miles, with \$1,000 added. Chicago, summer meeting, Washington Park Club, in the American Derby, 147 entries; 1 1/4 miles, \$7,500 added, and in the Sheridan stakes, 134 entries; 1 1/4 miles, \$1,500 added. Monmouth Park, summer, in the Lorillard, 191 entries; 1 1/4 miles, \$10,000 added. Stevens, 135 entries; 1 1/4 miles, \$2,500 added.

"By the way, I wonder if any one has ever figured what a race crowd spends in a day?" said a plunger recently.

"No, but it's easy to make a rough estimate. If, for instance, there are 6,000 spectators, transportation expenses will average for ferry, bridge, car and railroad fare about fifty cents a head, making \$3,000 in round numbers. At least four of the six thousand will pay for admission, three thousand at \$1.50 each and one thousand at \$1, which makes \$5,500. One half will pay ten cents each for programmes, which is \$500 more. This is altogether too much to charge for these flimsy cards, for it is doubtful if they cost more than a cent each, and sold at five cents there would be a very large margin of profit. These figures total up \$8,500 as actual bed rock expenses alone for a fair crowd on each race day. Then there is the large amount spent for wine, liquors, lunch and cigars, for a good winner expends liberally, the percentage deducted from the winning auction and mutual pools, and the money lost outright in the books, for where one wins nine loses. It is a terrible drain, and the wonder grows that the sport thrives as it does."

"Well, this is the last day here, and I'm not sorry for it," said the one who had begun the conversation. "My run of luck has been terrible, but I expect to do better at Brooklyn next week; can't do any worse than this week."

"Neither can I, but I'll make it up at Brooklyn. Found a four-leaf clover on the lawn there last fall and have quit a winner every meeting. There they go! Hope Dunboyne will get the place. Look at Brown Duke! My, what a beast of speed! It's too fast to last; never'll keep it up. See Dunboyne close. Frenz will win, but Dunboyne can't lose the place. How Brown Duke sticks! Now Dunboyne heads him. Thunder! Brown Duke beats him. There goes an other fifty. Terrible luck! What will win the next race? Rupert? Yes, guess he will, with Garrison up. It looks like a little more money and I'll have to put up a hundred. Not going to wait to see it? Well, good-bye; meet you at Brooklyn next week."

One of the next great flat events on the tapis will be the glove contest, according to London prize ring rules, between Mike Conley, the Ithaca Giant, and Joe McAuliffe, the heavy-weight champion of the Pacific slope, which is to be decided on the Pacific coast next month. The battle promises to create quite a stir among the thousands who follow the successes and reverses of the flat experts, and the result of the battle will settle whether McAuliffe is the wonder that the sporting men of the Pacific coast claim him to be, or whether Mike Conley holds the second highest rank on the pugilistic ladder.

Judging by Conley's victory over John P. Clow, and McAuliffe's victory over Frank Glover, Conley should keep the high title reputation he has fairly won and defeat McAuliffe. But to accomplish this he will need proper training and require clever handling in the ring when he faces the Pacific coast champion.

The Northwest, to a man, place great confidence in the Ithaca Giant's flat abilities since Jim Smith, England's champion, and the much-overrated Pat Kilren, refused to meet him, and there is not the least doubt that both McAuliffe and Conley will be heavily backed by their many admirers, so that, independent of the purse of \$2,500, which the California Athletic Club have so liberally subscribed for the purpose of bringing about a meeting between these gladiators, thousands of dollars will depend upon either Conley's victory or defeat.

Another great flat battle which will demand the attention of the sporting fraternity, not only in this country, but in England, is the forthcoming mill between Jack McAuliffe, who fought England's light-weight champion, Jimmy Carney, and Billy Dacey, the well known light-weight boxer, who has figured in numerous contests with Jack Dempsey, Jack Hopper and other well-known flat fighters of the present.

The battle between McAuliffe and Dacey is to be at the light-weight limit (133 pounds), for a \$1,000 purse, one-half of which is already posted, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt (never yet fought for), and the light-weight championship of America. Both men have proved themselves within the ring of ropes clever, gamey and scientific boxers, and there is not the least doubt that the battle will be well worth a long journey to witness. Both men have begun to train, and already the battle and its probable result is being freely discussed, and speculation has commenced.

Professor William Miller left for San Francisco Sept. 30 en route for Australia. Some time ago Professor Miller issued a combination challenge, which was published in the POLICE GAZETTE, to spar and wrestle any man in the United States, also to lift dumbbells and heavy weights. During Professor Miller's stay here none of his challenges have been accepted, although he had \$250 deposited with the POLICE GAZETTE to make the challenges bona fide. Professor Miller will remain in San Francisco one month, and will be glad to hear from any one who may wish to meet him and arrange a match in accordance with his challenge. Duncan C. Ross contemplates visiting Australia, and Professor Miller says he is willing to make a match with him, to take place either in San Francisco or Australia, according to challenges already issued. The challenges will remain open to any person who may wish to accept them, either in San Francisco or Australia.

CLEVELAND AND THURMAN PORTRAITS.

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DETROIT'S GALA DAY.

America's Greatest Athletes Meet to Battle for Amateur Championships.

MANY EXCITING CONTESTS.

The first annual championship games of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States was held at Detroit, Mich., on Sept. 19, and attracted over 7,000 spectators. It was a gala day for the lovers of athletics. Among the spectators were sporting men from all parts of the United States and Canada. Schifferstein, the California sprinter, whose record at St. Louis has formed a fruitful topic of discussion among the amateurs, was at the grounds as a spectator merely. Every man was anxious, personally, to have him run, but working at the case as a body they unanimously agreed to bar him. The rule prohibiting anybody competing at union meets who participates in those under other rules, is regarded by the committee as an expedient and righteous one, and the union will not, at the outset of its career, risk its reputation for strength and consistency by making any backdown. Schifferstein, while regretting the bar, expressed his approval of the stand the committee had taken. The truth is that few of the Eastern athletes take any stock in Schifferstein's record of 9.4 seconds for 100 yards at St. Louis. They say they have heard of California wonders before, and smile significantly as they say it.

A strong north wind was blowing, which precluded the hope of anything very fast on the cinder path. But in the field big, muscular W. L. Condon, of the New York Athletic Club, dropped the 56-pound weight further than any amateur before. On the second trial, swinging himself twice around, he sent the great ball through the air and it left a deep mark in the turf twenty-seven feet and three-quarters of an inch from the line. Again he tried, while every eye was on him, and he made 37 feet and 9 inches, beating the best English record by 9 inches and the American by 1 foot 4 1/2 inches. In the 300-yard hurdle race, A. A. Jordan, New York Athletic Club, tied his own champion record of 16.1 seconds. The New York club found enough in these two victories and others to let loose their lungs, and as they came down Woodward avenue this evening, filling an omnibus inside and on top, they left a brilliant streak of carmine on the fashionable street. But it remained for the Manhattanites to give it a lurid hue. They beat the New Yorks so many points that they didn't want to ride, and they felt as though they could afford to walk home. Whether their victory will secure them the \$500 plaque is another question. They belong to the National Association, and the expensive bit of ornament will probably go to the New Yorks. The points scored were: Manhattan Athletic Club, 61; New York Athletic Club, 40; Staten Island Athletic Club, Pastime Athletic Club, Toronto Athletic Club, Columbia Athletic Club, Olympic Athletic Club, Wanderers' Athletic Club and Queen's Athletic Club, 5 each; Chicago Amateur Athletic Association, 3; Detroit Athletic Club, 2; American Athletic Club, 1.

Hundred Yards Run.—Trial heats; winners to run in final; second men to run in trial heat; winner to run in final. First heat—C. H. Sherrill, Yale College, New York A. C., first, by a yard, in 10.2 seconds; H. F. Walker, Detroit A. C., second. H. C. White, New York A. C. and A. F. Copland, Manhattan A. C., also competed. Second heat—M. A. Ford, Staten Island A. C., won by two yards; time 10.3 seconds; R. B. Beattie, Detroit High School A. A., second; J. T. Norton, Manhattan A. C., third. Third heat—F. Westing, Manhattan A. C., won easily; time, 10.2 seconds; J. G. Graham, Athletic Club Schuykill Navy, second. Fourth heat—Walk over for F. H. Babcock, New York A. C. Trial heat for second men—J. C. Graham, A. C. Schuykill Navy, a walk over. Final heat—F. Westing, Manhattan A. C., by two feet; time 10.2 seconds. Sherrill and Ford ran a dead heat for second. On a toss for the place, Ford, Staten Island A. C., won. F. H. Babcock, New York A. C., fourth; J. C. Graham, A. C. S. N., fifth.

One Hundred and Twenty-five Yard Hurdle.—Five of the nine entries dropped out and the race was run in one heat. Won by A. A. Jordan, New York A. C., by a scant six inches; time 16.1 seconds; A. F. Copland, Manhattan A. C., second; E. M. Vandervoort, Manhattan A. C., third; F. T. Ducharme, Detroit A. C., fourth.

One Mile Walk.—W. R. Burkhardt, Pastime A. C., first, as he pleased; time, 6 minutes, 54.1 seconds; C. L. Nichol, Manhattan A. C., second; E. D. Lange, Manhattan A. C., third; W. A. Berrian, Manhattan A. C., on out third lap. Langed for three laps; on the fourth Burkhardt came up with the Manhattan man and they forged ahead abreast until 120 yards from the wire. The strain was too much for Lange and he quit badly exhausted.

Five Mile Walk.—G. M. Gibbs, Toronto A. C., first, as he pleased; time, 4 minutes 27.1 seconds; T. P. Conneff, Manhattan A. C., second; P. D. Skillman, New York A. C., third. William Harmer, New York A. C., and G. Y. Gilbert, New York A. C., also competed. Gibbs got a slight advantage at the start, but the men ran well together for three laps, then Gibbs and Conneff pulled away from the others and made the race. The Canadian was too much for Conneff.

Two Hundred and Twenty Yard Run (trial heats, first two in each heat to run in final).—First heat—F. Westing, Manhattan A. C., first, by two yards; time, 22.2 seconds; W. C. Dohm, New York A. C., second; W. C. White, New York A. C., third. Second heat—F. H. Babcock, an easy first; time, 23.2 seconds; H. F. Walker, Detroit A. C., second; A. W. S. Cochrane, New York A. C., third. Final heat—F. Westing, Manhattan A. C., first, by half a dozen yards; time, 22.1 seconds; W. C. Dohm, New York A. C., second; H. F. Walker, Detroit A. C., third.

Two Mile Bicycle Race.—W. E. Crist, of Chicago A. C., first, by 40 feet; time, 6 minutes 49.1 seconds; E. Irving Halstead, New York A. C., second; J. D. Lamont, Detroit B. C., third. These were the only starters.

Two Hundred and Twenty Yard Hurdle Race.—A. F. Copland, Manhattan A. C., first, by 5 feet; time, 26.4 seconds; A. A. Jordan, New York A. C., second; G. Schwegler, American A. C., third. The three men made an even race over the hurdles. When the flat was struck there was some sharp sprinting, in which Copland carried off the honors. W. A. Chope, Detroit A. C.; F. T. Ducharme, Detroit A. C.; G. K. Barrett, Chicago A. A. A., and E. M. Vandervoort, Manhattan A. C., ran unplaced.

Three Mile Walk.—E. D. Lange, Manhattan A. C., first by 220 yards; time, 23 minutes 43.5 seconds; C. L. Nichol, Manhattan A. C., second; W. A. Berrian, Manhattan A. C., third; Otto Hassell, Chicago A. A. A., fourth. Lange and Nichol made the race until the last mile, then the former drew away and had it his own way.

Four Hundred and Forty Yard Run.—First three in each heat to run in final. First heat—J. P. Thornton, New York A. C., first by a rod; time, 55 seconds; A. C. Dohm, New York A. C., second; T. J. Norton, Manhattan A. C., third. B. S. Warren, Detroit A. C., and H. F. Walker, Detroit A. C., were also in the heat. Second heat—George J. Bradish, New York A. C., won as he liked; time, 53.1 seconds; A. W. L. Cochrane, New York A. C., second; J. E. Mesley, Chicago A. A. A., third. Final heat—W. C. Dohm, New York A. C., first by 20 feet; time, 51 seconds; G. E. Mesley, Chicago A. A. A., second; Geo. J. Bradish, New York A. C., third; others unplaced.

Eight Hundred and Eighty Yard Run.—Seven men jumped away at the crack of the pistol. E. Sanderson Ebert, Detroit A. C., made a big spurt and led the first 440 yards, when he became winded and dropped out. G. Tracy, Wanderers' A. C., picked up the lead and held it to the string, winning in 2 minutes 2.1 seconds; C. M. Smith, New York A. C., second; C. L. Estes, Manhattan A. C., third. The other starters were: W. F. Thompson, Staten Island A. C.; C. P. Randall, Chicago A. A. A.; D. Q. Tompkins, Manhattan A. C., and Stewart Barr, Staten Island A. C.

Five Mile Run.—T. P. Conneff, Manhattan A. C., won by 220 yards; time, 26 minutes 46.3 seconds; E. C. Carter, New York A. C., second; P. D. Skillman, New York A. C., third. The

other starters were E. Hjertberg, Olympic A. C., and G. Y. Gilbert, New York A. C.

Running High Jump.—J. D. Webster, Manhattan A. C., first, height, 5 feet 6 1/2 inches; R. K. Pritchard, Staten Island A. C., and W. M. Norris, Staten Island A. C., tied for second place at 5 feet 4 1/2 inches. Norris won the jump off at this height.

Turf of War.—Total weight limited to 550 pounds. First pull—Busby Boes A. A. of Company B, Twenty-second regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., won from Manhattan A. C. team by seven-eighths of an inch. Second pull—Manhattan won by two and a half inches. Third pull—Busby Boes won by one and a half inches.

Putting Sixteen Pound Shot.—G. R. Gray, New York A. C., first, distance, 42 feet 10 1/2 inches; F. L. Lambrecht, Manhattan A. C., second, 40 feet 6 inches; C. A. J. Queckbörner, Staten Island A. C., third, 40 feet 4 1/2 inches.

Running Long Jump.—W. Halpin, Olympic A. C., first; distance, 22 feet; A. F. Copland, Manhattan A. C., second, 22 feet 11 1/2 inches; A. A. Jordan, New York A. C., third, 22 feet 9 1/2 inches. T. H. Babcock, New York A. C.; E. E. Barnes, Olympic A. C., and M. W. Ford, Staten Island A. C., also competed.

Throwing Sixteen Pound Hammer.—Complete head and handle, from seven foot circle without follow—W. J. M. Barry, Queen's College, Cork, first; distance, 127 feet 1 inch; C. A. J. Queckbörner, Staten Island A. C., second, 106 feet 11 inches; F. L. Lambrecht, Manhattan A. C., third, 97 feet 4 inches. W. J. Condon, N. Y. A. C., and M. O'Sullivan, Pastime A. C., also competed.

Pole Vault.—L. D. Godshall, Manhattan A. C., first; height, 30 feet. C. Whitehorn, Staten Island A. C., second; 9 feet 9 inches. A. A. Jordan, N. Y. A. C., third; 9 feet. No other competitors.

Throwing Fifty-six Pound Weight.—W. L. Condon, New York Athletic Club, first, distance 27 feet 9 inches; C. A. J. Queckbörner, Staten Island A. C., second, 26 feet 0 inches; M. O'Sullivan, Pastime A. C., third, 24 feet 2 inches; G. R. Gray, New York A. C., and F. L. Lambrecht, Manhattan A. C., also engaged in the contest.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[No attention will be paid to questions unless they are accompanied by the full name and address of the sender.]

J. A. E.—Alden wins.

P. M. Orange, N. J.—No.

T. A., St. Louis, Mo.—Five feet 6 inches.

S. S., Fall River, Mass.—Send on a forfeit.

J. H., New York City.—The bet was a draw.

A. Reader, Milwaukee.—Arrange a race yourself.

J. L., St. Louis.—Five feet 4 1/2 inches; weighs 160 pounds.

W. H. A., German Valley, N. J.—Jimmy Carney, of Birmingham, England.

J. P. D., Holyoke, Mass.—Ace, king, queen, jack, ten, is the highest straight.

D. M. McC., Mobile.—John L. Sullivan weighed 195 pounds.

Ryan, 125 pounds.

W. H. W., Memphis, Tenn.—It was correct. That is a hard question to decide.

P. J., Baltimore, Md.—John L. Sullivan was born Oct. 15, 1858, 2. Feb. 7, 1882.

X. X. X., Trenton, N. J.—There has been nothing definite done so far in the matter.

J. G., Virginia City.—Address Leslie C. Bruce, Turf, Field and Farm office, this city.

J. D. C., Valentine, Neb.—Sullivan and Ryan fought 9 rounds in 11 minutes, on Feb. 1, 1882.

W. J. C., Housatonic, Mass.—Send 25 cents and we will mail you a book containing the records.

M. B., Chicago, Ill.—Send on a deposit and a challenge; that is the only way to show you mean business.

J. T., Butte City, Montana.—I do not keep such records.

He never put up any forfeit to fight Charley Mitchell.

Geo. Ratzer, 234 Union Street, Brooklyn.—A letter addressed to Turn Hall, E. Fourth street, New York City, will reach him.

F. S. S., Mobile, Ala.—Address a letter to the Jockey at Louisville. He can give you better information than we can on the subject.

D. W., Akron, O.—A losses. John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan did not fight at New Orleans, La. The battle was fought in Mississippi City, Miss.

A. C. H., Greene, N. Y.—Kilrain and Dempsey did have the argument you write about. It amounted to nothing as far as match-making was concerned.

T. B. G., Gainabourgh, La.—The fastest half-mile running time is 47 1/2 seconds, by Ollipa, two-year-old, 97 pounds up, at Saratoga, N. Y., July 25, 1874.

C. A. O'Neil, Krebs, I. T.—The rule published in the "Police Gazette" Standard Book of Rules governs the affair, and is correct. 2. Misunderstood you before.

W. H. H., Houston, Tex.—Send 25 cents for the "Police Gazette" Book of Rules. A knock-down does not end a round. The party knocked-down must rise in 10 seconds, or lose the battle.

C. A. H., Chatham, N. J.—The best single standing jump is 14 feet 5 1/2 inches, by George W. Hamilton. The best running jump is 29 feet 7 inches, made by J. Howard in England. The best running jump is 23 feet 3 1/2 inches, made by Chas. H. Bigler in Canada.

W. E., Minn.—The N. Y. Herald has a larger circulation than any daily paper in the United States. 2. The N. Y. Daily News, an evening paper, exceeds the circulation of all others. 3. Neither. 4. Plunger Walton won a fortune in backing horses in England. 5. Over 100. 6. The City of New York.

M. J. B., Harrisburg.—If you have been sued for the stakes held by you by A, no matter whether he lost or won them, you are responsible, and will have to return his money according to law. 2. It is only an unprincipled party who would enter legal proceedings to recover stakes that he had put up and lost, but it has been done time and time again, and that is why few persons will agree to hold stakes.

W. C., Boston.—Parties who issue challenges without at the same time posting a deposit to bind a match, nine times out of ten do not mean business, and their challenges are either issued to gain notoriety or to advertise themselves. It is customary when a party issues a challenge to fight, box, wrestle, row or run, to deposit a forfeit with the challenge. Should the challenge be accepted and the money deposited by the challenger covered, a match must be ratified or else the party who fails to fulfill the proposed agreement and arrange the match must forfeit his money. A challenger, nine times out of ten, is well aware when he issues a challenge that it will or may not be accepted, consequently he knows that if it is accepted he loses his money should he at the last moment back out. The party accepting the challenge is also aware that after he puts up his money he will have to either ratify an agreement or forfeit the money he has posted, so there can be no one to blame if either the challenging or the opposite party loses their money by a failure on either side to arrange a match.

R. H. D., Indianapolis, Ind.—Thomas Miller was born in Indianapolis, Ind., on Dec. 31, 1863. Miller visited Australia, China and other countries. It was in Melbourne that he acquired the reputation of being a rough and tumble fighter. On his return to this country he devoted his attention to pugilism. His first flat encounter was with Jim Maloney at San Francisco in 1885. Miller bested him in six rounds, though the fight was hotly contested. In June, 1886, he met Prof. Scott of St. Louis at Dubuque, Ia., in a four round hard glove contest, and although Scott was by far the heavier man, and stayed through the fight, Miller carried off the honors. The next month he met Sidney Draper, who weighs 140 pounds, at Shelbyville, Wis., and bested him in four rounds. In the following September he beat Jack McQueen of Buffalo. In March, 1887, he met and defeated Johnny Le Mountain of Toronto in nine rounds at Omaha. Miller is backed by H. M. Rothery to fight any 115-pound man in America for \$500 a side. He is five feet five and one-half inches in height, and weighs, when in condition, 118 pounds.

GREATLY ENTERTAINED BY THE "GAZETTE."

WARSAW, Va., Sept. 13, '88.

Your paper affords me great entertainment, especially the articles commending the valiant knight of the ring, Jake Kilrain. Long may he live to whom knock-out blows to all those who dispute his clearly established title to the championship.

S. N. SHELTON.



THE PASTOR KISSED HER.

THAT IS THE ALLEGATION MADE AGAINST DOMINIE HALL OF THE METHODIST CHURCH AT LIVERMORE, KY., BY MISS MAY.



A HEAD-BUTTING MILL.

HOW DANIEL CARTWRIGHT AND JAMES DONOHUE SETTLED A QUARREL OVER A GAME OF CARDS AT KANSAS CITY, MO.



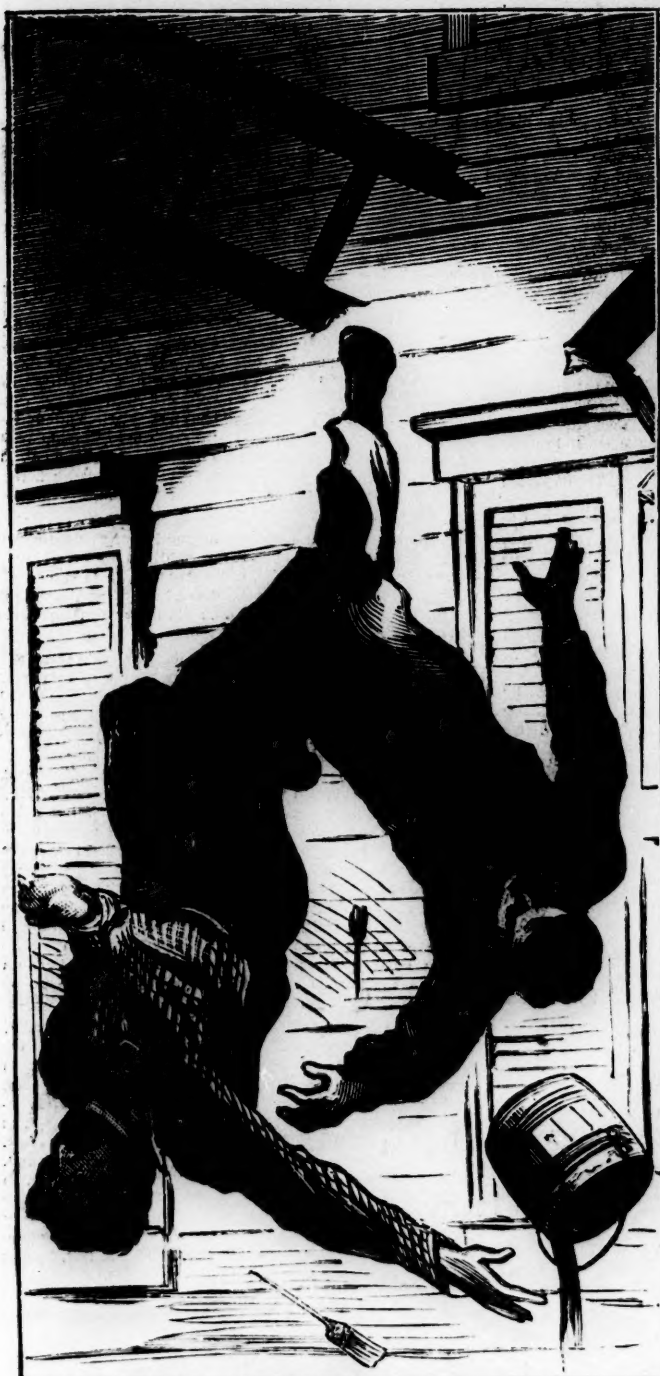
ALL BECAUSE OF AN IMMORAL PASTOR.

THE ALLEGED SCRIMMAGE INDULGED IN BY THE CONGREGATION OF THE WEST MINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF ST. PAUL, MINN.



A YOUNG LADY'S TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.

WHILE CROSSING A FIELD AT FORT WAYNE, IND., MISS ANNIE KESSLER IS ATTACKED BY A VICIOUS OX.



THE LADDER BROKE.

TWO PAINTERS NAMED W. G. JOSEPHUS AND ANDREW LUKON RECEIVE A TERRIBLE FALL AT PITTSBURGH, PA.



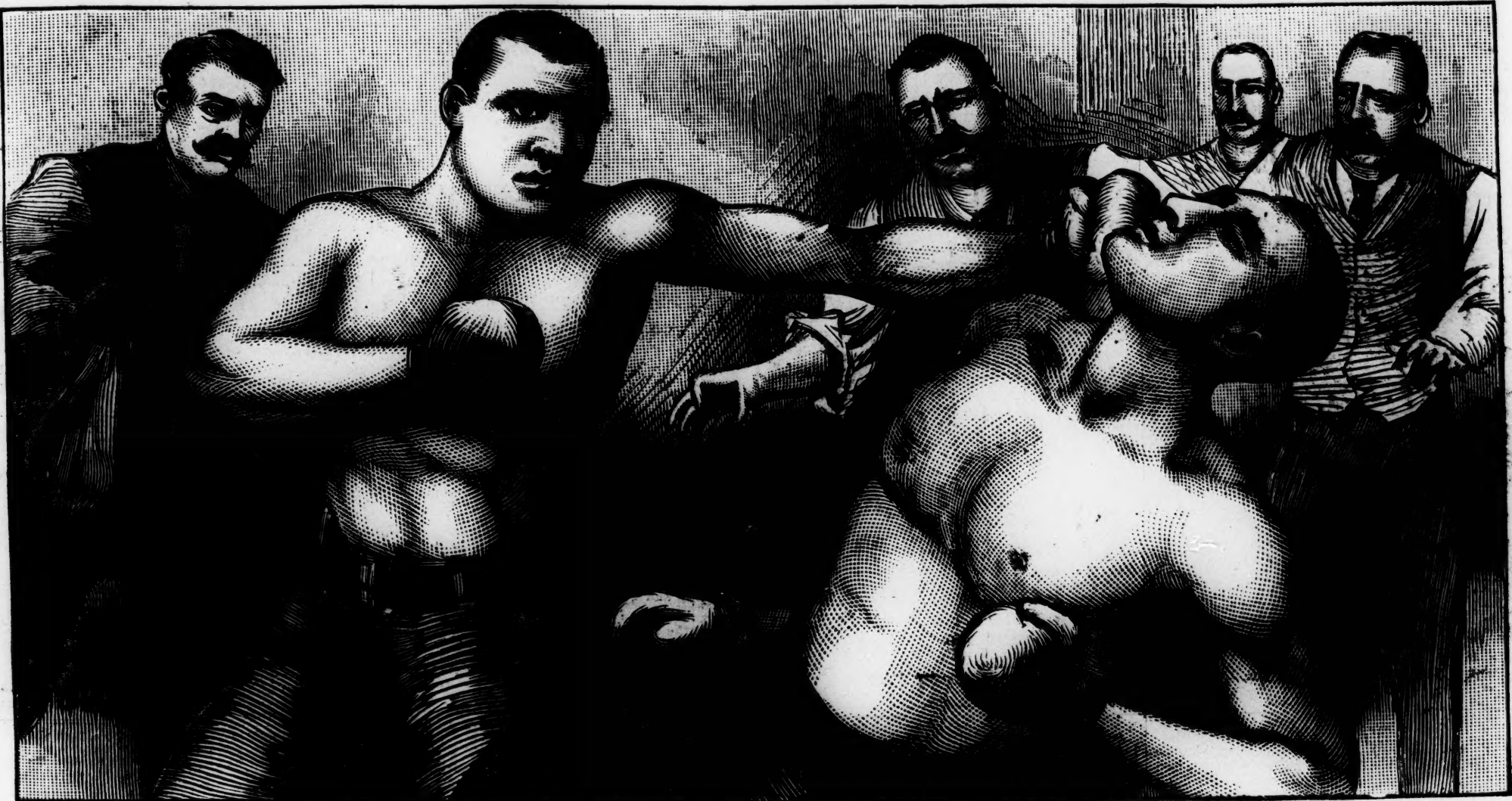
THE GALLERY FELL.

AN ACCIDENT IN THE BELLEVILLE AVENUE RINK, NEWARK, N. J., INJURES ELEVEN MEN AND BOYS.



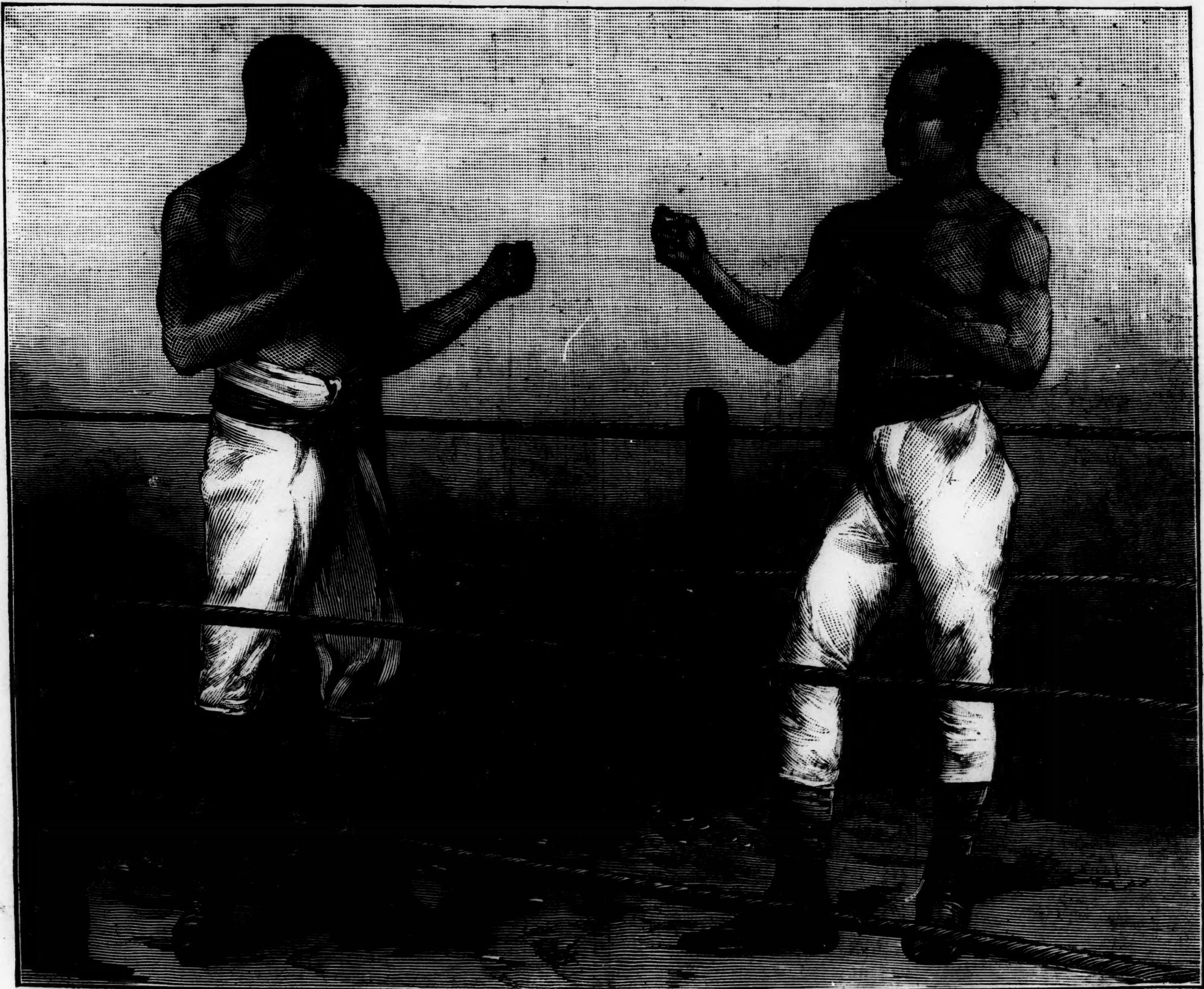
BORNE ALOFT HEAD DOWNWARD.

A BYSTANDER IS DRAGGED SKYWARD FEET FIRST BY AN AIRSHIP NEAR THREE RIVERS, MICHIGAN.



"YES, JAMIE, YOU WERE KNOCKED SILLY."

JIM GLYNN, PUT TO SLEEP BY JOE LANNON IN FIVE ROUNDS AT BOSTON, ON REGAINING HIS FEET REMARKS, "WAS I KNOCKED OUT?"



WAY DOWN IN COLON.

PROF. GRAVES AND TOM KING, COLORED HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPIONS, LATE OPPONENTS IN A CHAMPIONSHIP BATTLE AT ASPINWALL, U. S. COLOMBIA.

**CHLOROFORMED HER.**

OUTRAGEOUS ASSAULT MADE ON GRACIE SPENCER OF TROY, N. Y. THE SEARCH FOR HER ASSAILANT AND FINDING OF THE UNCONSCIOUS VICTIM.